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MEMORIAL

OF THE

REUNION OF THE NATIVES

OF

WESTHAMPTON, MASS.,

1866

SEPTEMBER 5, 1866.

Young folks are smart, but all ain't good thet's new;
I guess the gran'thers they knowed sunthin', tu.
They toiled an' prayed, built sure in the beginnin',
An' let us never tech the underpinnin'.

BIGLOW PAPERS Improved.

WALTHAM:
OFFICE OF THE FREE PRESS.
1866.

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Westhampton, *Mass.*

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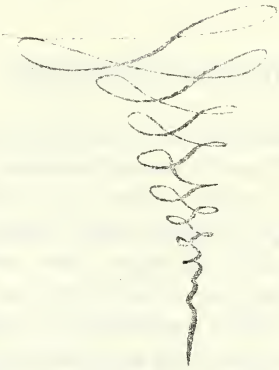
Westhampton, Mass.

Centennial.



INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Centennial celebrations, and Reunions of the natives of given towns, are modern features of our New England history. Our country is yet in its youth. None of our municipal communities have existed long enough to admit of more than two centennial jubilees, and many of them have had but one. Such occasions are replete with the deepest interest to the living descendants of generations which have passed away. They afford an opportunity to gather up, and put upon record, the memories of the past, to pay our dutiful respects to parents, grandparents and still more distant progenitors, and to preserve green in our recollections their household fidelity, their social worth, their unfaltering patriotism, and their consecrated piety.

A want of proper respect for antiquity is said to be one of the grand defects of our national taste. If it is a blemish in our character, much should be pardoned to the stern necessities of pilgrim and frontier life, to the incessant struggle of the first settlers for existence, surrounded by hostile savages and a frowning wilderness, under inclement skies, and, more than all, with an almost total want of sympathy in the land that gave them birth. The fathers of New England had little time to spend in communion with the past. The necessities of the present were all engrossing; and yet, such is the testimony of all contemporary and impartial history, that, in addition to their unquenchable love of civil and religious liberty, they had more taste for institutions which were hoary with time, more love of literature and science, more relish for works of art, and a far higher regard for the immortal welfare of their children and their children's children, than have distinguished any other pioneers the world has seen. It is fitting, then, pre-eminently fitting, that we, their descendants, should honor their memories, defend their names from undeserved reproach, and reproduce in our own lives, but in a far higher

degree, those virtues which adorned their earthly career, enshrined their deeds in the gratitude of the world, and prepared them for the mansions of the blessed.

To hold in grateful regard the memory of our ancestors, is one of the most natural impulses of every ingenuous heart. The bald selfishness, so deftly set forth in an old song:—

> "Of all my father's relatives, I love myself the best,
> And if I am provided for, the Deil may take the rest,"

may be no caricature to some minds. It may exactly reflect their taste, but it must be rejected with disgust by all the disinterested and the pure. It may have some place among the other abominations of heathendom, but Christian civilization teaches us to "rise up before the hoary head," and to respect even the child, for he is "the father of the man."

It is with these convictions of filial duty, that we put upon record, in this unpretending pamphlet, the profound acknowledgment of our deepest obligation to the fathers and mothers of Westhampton. We often see in Massachusetts, the last place on the earth where such an impropriety should appear, the egregious moral solecism committed, of garnishing the sepulchres of the Pilgrims, and at the same time repudiating their faith. Of this superlative inconsistency, the sons and daughters of this town are comparatively innocent. We do not propose to

> "Give bond in stone and ever during brass,"

to immortalize the memory of our fathers, but we do it upon the worthier tablets of grateful hearts.

PUBLIC EXERCISES OF THE REUNION.

Wednesday, Sept. 5, 1866, was a great day for the natives of Westhampton. It was their first social gathering on the spot, hallowed by all the sacred associations of birth, early recollections, and reminiscences of departed ancestors. The weather was delightful. The company embraced some three hundred natives of the town now residing abroad, a large number of the distinguished citizens of the neighboring towns, and nearly all the present residents, counting up some 1200 souls. The Hampshire Gazette said,— "The literary exercises were of an exceedingly high character, full of historic lore and honorable and merited eulogy of the fathers and mothers of the town, and breathing a high moral and religious fervor, showing how broadly the foundations of the moral, religious and mental culture of the returned natives had been laid in their youth, and how abundantly the good seed had sprung up to a noble harvest." It was properly speaking a centennial celebration of the settlement of the town, for the earliest inhabitants came in and began to fell the forests just about one hundred years ago, though the town was not incorporated till some twelve years afterwards. The suggestion of a celebration of this kind was first made, a year or two since, by Rev. George Lyman, of Sutton, Mass., but it did not at that time assume any particular form. At the annual town meeting, last spring, the subject was again considered, and it was voted to hold such a reunion; and Messrs. Matthias Rice, H. W. Montague, R. W. Clapp, E. H. Lyman, and G. B. Drury were appointed a Committee to carry the plan into execution. This committee, though fully aware of the magnitude of the work, and of the sacrifices they would personally be obliged to make to get up and carry successfully through an undertaking so novel and extensive, took hold of it with a will, and by their judicious counsels and untiring labors, seconded by the liberal responses of

the citizens and of the natives far and near, they prosecuted it to a successful completion. The committee deserve the sincere thanks of all concerned for their gratuitous and highly useful services.

Of the character of the audience, and of the exercises in the Church, the Hampshire Gazette gave the following pictorial description:

"The natives of the town comprise a noble band of men and women, who would do honor to any locality. Among them are many clergymen of distinction, now settled in various parts of the country, and others who have achieved high and honorable positions in various professional and business callings. No town can boast a nobler ancestry, or point to more creditable descendants than the good old town of Westhampton. Among the clergymen present, natives of the town, were the Rev. J. Lyman Clark, D. D., of Waterbury, Conn., Rev. Dorus Clarke, of Waltham, Mass., Rev. Tertius S. Clarke, D. D., of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, Rev. Calvin Clark, of Marshall, Michigan, Rev. George Lyman, of Sutton, Mass., Rev. Chester Bridgman, formerly settled in Ludlow, Mass., Rev. Prof. Melzar Montague, of Ripon College, Wisconsin, Rev. Enos J. Montague, of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, Rev. Luther Clapp, of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, Rev. James Brewer, of Allen's Grove, Wisconsin, Rev. Anson Clark, of Hartford, Wisconsin. There were also present, Rev. John H. Bisbee, of Worthington, who married in Westhampton, and is therefore a semi-native; Rev. A. M. Colton, pastor of the First Church in Easthampton, Rev. Henry L. Edwards, of Abington, Mass., and Rev. Osman A. Lyman, of the Lane Seminary, Ohio. Of physicians there were present Dr. Anson Hooker, of East Cambridge, son of the long-time physician of the town, Dr. William Hooker, and Dr. Jewett, of the West. Other professions and business callings were represented by the two able and distinguished historians of the day, Messrs. Judd and Clapp, and by E. Munson Kingsley, Esq., of New York, Zenas M. Phelps, Esq., of Riverdale, N. Y., E. C. Bridgman, Esq., of Brooklyn, and others.

THE SERVICES IN THE CHURCH

were commenced at 10 o'clock, and every available seat and standing place were occupied. The edifice probably never

before had so distinguished an audience. The pulpit platform, enlarged and carpeted for the occasion, was occupied by native clergymen, and thickly interspersed in the large audience were the gray hairs and venerable forms of many aged citizens and guests. The exercises consisted of singing by a well trained choir of about thirty members, embracing the maiden in her teens and the veteran of fifty, under the direction of A. H. Bridgman, an opening prayer by Rev. Calvin Clark, the address of welcome, the historical addresses, and the poem. Their delivery, with the prayer and the intervening singing, occupied two hours and three-quarters, and so deeply interested were all, that no one felt weary or manifested the least impatience throughout. An interesting deviation from the established programme was the singing, by the choir and congregation, of the 78th psalm, deaconed by Rev. Mr. Bisbee. This was done in the good old-fashioned style. Another feature of the exercises 'not on the bill,' reminding one of the earlier times, was the presence of several infant children, whose shrill notes, continued almost without ceasing from beginning to end of the services, apprised the celebrationists that the material for another reunion many years hence, would not be wanting. No one, however, seemed to feel disturbed by their 'plaintive notes,' they being received as a 'matter of course.' Enoch H. Lyman, Esq. was president of the day."

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY R. W. CLAPP.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Brothers and Sisters:

All who have come to Westhampton to-day to meet brothers and sisters, friends and kindred, to visit the places of their birth, to look upon the changes which time and hand have wrought, to seek out spots in which they were once interested or from which they ever gained pleasure—WE WELCOME YOU! I stand here, in behalf of this people, to offer you their most cordial greeting. We hope that while you stay you will feel at home with us, and we will endeavor to make our homes such that you may thus feel. Over these rock-ribbed hills you may wander, from these cold health giving springs bubbling forth from their sides you may drink, from their high pointed summits the eye capable of discerning beauty in the picturesque scenery spread out before it, may revel and delight; wherever amid all our surroundings you can find what will delight the eye and gratify the sense, or if there be any place hallowed in your memories, there we invite you; and there the mid day zephyrs and evening breezes will waft no breath of cholera or foul miasma to poison your life, changing it in a few short hours into the shadow of death. In your ramblings you will see what the hand of man has been slack to beautify and improve, yet you may discover that the fingers of the Great Architect have been busy limning and adorning, thereby restoring to its primeval beauty the destruction man had caused. Although the little we have to offer you be *very small*, accept that little for our sake.

When we contemplate the character and standing of many who meet with us to-day, and claim Westhampton for their mother, we feel a little of the sentiment of pride moving our souls, and we are exultant in the thought that we have a common birth place and birth right; and need not to say, that no Esau's pottage shall buy it from us.

But who are these whose hands we clasp in love to-day, to whom we are drawn by an irresistible attraction? I will not attempt to name you, by any order of nobility. There may be a true classification of titles; I cannot give it. Doubtless you all feel your royalty. But let me here remind any, if such there are, who have chanced to bring along a feeling of superiority,

that they must lay it aside; it can find no favor here. We wish to find in each and all, the *man*—minister and teacher, editor, lawyer, doctor, geographer and telegrapher, statistician and metaphysician, merchant, artificer, tailor, mechanic, tradesman, farmer—*all* meet here, where we had our birth, upon a common plane, and here, around this altar of our consecration, would fire anew our hearts with the loves and friendships of former years.

We are glad so many have the heart and means to answer affirmatively to our call. But there are many more who have the right to be with us here to-day, and who, present in their thoughts, will be picturing the countenances, the acts, the words, the whole panorama of this reunion. A kind Providence smiles benignantly on all; but from the full bounties of His store, they have been unable to reap those rich harvests which so many of us have gathered to the overflowing of our measures, and they are poor, as men count poverty, and cannot come. Others, besides, have their chosen fields of labor too remote, to meet with us consistently.

Those who would, but cannot come, must and will be called to mind by us to-day. Let not one of the whole brotherhood and sisterhood that claims this for his or her birth place be forgotten in our memories here.

I need not speak to you who hear me of the changes which these many years have made. Your eyes will witness them. Quite too often you may be called to weep, as you look upon dilapidated dwellings, desertion, waste—which may remind you of the prophecy, that "Westhampton will yet become a sheep pasture."

Our prayer now is—that if the time must come when of this town it shall be written, *desolate*, it may not be until the great I AM sweeps all nations into nothingness. Notwithstanding influences are at work which make this prospectively possible, yet, we are not sorry that so many went forth from among us, —one here, another there, carrying with them a firmly established faith in Him who rules the Universe, and a strong belief that they had a work to do for Him. By virtue of this belief their influence has been for good. In benefiting and blessing mankind, they are blessed.

I repeat—we are glad so many have heeded the call their Mother sends, and come to-day to commune together upon this hill top. We ask the privilege of hearing every voice. The old dwellers here need it for their inspiration, and the young, to inspire noble impulses and high aspirations.

While we shall endeavor to minister to the outer man, we desire you to minister to the finer sensibilities—*the head, the heart.* The day is yours. Welcome, Welcome, Thrice Welcome!

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY C. PARKMAN JUDD, ESQ.

Reverence for our birth place and for the graves of our forefathers is a sentiment common to the human race. The savage treads gently over the mound which covers the ashes of his sires; and the last direction given by the patriarch Jacob, on his deathbed, was to order his sons to bury him with his fathers in the cave of Machpelah.

And to-day we have come together at the graves of our fathers and mothers, to follow their footsteps through the wilderness, to visit their humble firesides, to talk over their works, praise their virtues, and to engrave, as with the point of a diamond, their characters and features upon the inmost tablets of our memories. Nor do we come alone; we have brought up with us the little ones, the children and grand children, to point out to them the meeting-house where our parents poured out their souls in prayer and praise to the living God, to show to them the fields where our fathers and mothers toiled for our benefit, and where we, their descendants, spent the merry hours of childhood and youth in preparing for the active duties of life. This is the hour of joy, not of sorrow. Our fathers conquered all the obstacles in their pathway, and to-day we sing hosannas to their name, and scatter the palm of victory over their tombstones.

In May, 1653, a number of men residing in Windsor, Hartford, and other places in Connecticut, petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts to grant them a plantation at Nonotuck, above Springfield. In the same month the General Court appointed a committee to divide this land into two plantations. This committee laid out the bounds of two plantations, one on the east side of the Connecticut river, and one on the west side.

The plantation on the west side of the river began to be settled in 1654, and was called Northampton. It embraced the territory now comprised in Northampton, Southampton, Easthampton and Westhampton. Southampton was settled in 1732, and Easthampton had families in it as early as 1700. And before 1690, Northampton had divided and allotted off to the settlers nearly all of its territory, except a tract of land in the west part of the town. This westerly tract of land was four miles wide from east to west, and six miles long from north to south, and was called West or Long Division. Westhampton embraces most of this old Long Division of Northampton.

The Indian title to these two plantations had been bought for the planters in September, 1653, for 100 fathoms of wampum, ten coats, some small gifts, "and ploughing up 16 acres of land on the east side of the Connecticut river the next summer."

The name, Westhampton, first appears on record in a vote of the town of Northampton, in November, 1774. Before this vote the persons living within the present town of Westhampton, were usually called, both by others and themselves, "the inhabitants of the West or Long Division."

The name seems to have originated in this way. Hampton signifies a town on or near a river, that is a river town. Some of the first settlers upon the Connecticut river, came from Northampton, the name of a city in Northamptonshire, England, on the northerly side of the river Aufonia. And as the new plantation was far north of all others on the river, and a bold enterprise, the emigrants to Northampton very naturally and appropriately named the new village upon the Connecticut river, Northampton;—that is, the most northerly town on the river. And Westhampton, being taken from the westerly part of the plantation, was called Westhampton, although the name has no fitness to the character or situation of the town.

The first settlement in Westhampton was made in the southwesterly part of the town, near the present highway which runs from Kingsley's mill by Norton's tavern, to Norwich. Before the town of Norwich was incorporated in 1773, that town with Chester was called Murrayfield, in honor of Col. John Murray of Rutland; and that part of Murrayfield which joined Northampton was called Shirkshire and New Plantation. People had moved into Murrayfield in 1760, and Northampton wished to open some communication with the new plantation. And, for this purpose, in 1762, the town of Northampton laid out a road to the boundary line between Northampton and Murrayfield or Shirkshire, called the Shirkshire road. This road probably followed the old road from Northampton village by Park Hill and King's saw mill on the Manhan or King's river, to the present line of Westhampton, and thence through Westhampton, on to Murrayfield; substantially where the present road goes from Strong Kingsley's mill to the boundary of Norwich or Huntington. But this road was simply a line run in the smoothest places through the woods, whose direction was indicated by some blaze marks upon the trees. It was laid out very wide, so that travelers on horseback could wind their way, dodging the rocks and trees. It was some time after this, before the road became well trodden into a mere horse path. We must not bemisled by the term *road*. Indeed, the great route to the west hrough Blandford, which had been used more

than 60 years, was in the time of the Revolution so bad and rough that it is said to have taken 20 yoke of oxen and 80 men to convey a mortar over the hills to the encampment at West Point.

Abner Smith was the person who made the first permanent settlement within the present limits of the town of Westhampton. He is supposed to have come from Connecticut to Chester or Murrayfield, where he remained a short time, and he removed from thence to Westhampton some time in 1762. It is certain that he was taxed for a poll this year, for the first time. He first cleared up some land, not far from the spot where Dea. Enoch Lyman used to live. Here he built a log house, supposed to be just over the brook where the blacksmith's shop afterward stood. Here on the banks of the Manhan, the settlement first began; here the first opening was made in the wilderness. He remained here a year or two and then he built a log house on the south side of the old Shirkshire road, and sold the place to Jonathan Fisher in 1770. This was the beginning of the Fisher place. The second settler was Ebenezer French, who is supposed to have come from Southampton, some time in 1763. He was concerned in King's sawmill, and finally became the owner of two-thirds of it. This mill brought him to the wilds of Westhampton, where he selected a spot for his plantation as near to his mill as he could find on the Shirkshire road. He made a clearing and built a log house very near the old tavern stand of landlord Wright, recently occupied by Martin Wright. Both Smith and French were taxed by the town of Northampton in 1763 and 1764. In the latter year, Smith was taxed for 7 acres of land, 2 horses, 1 yoke of oxen, 2 cows, and 3 hogs, and French was taxed for 20 acres of land, 1 horse, 1 yoke of oxen, 1 cow and one hog. The two families numbered in all 19 persons, 10 in Smith's family, and 9 in French's. In Smith's family 2 were over and 8 under 16. French had 7 under 16 years old.

In 1765, the only persons in town were the families of Smith and French. They were both taxed. In 1766, Smith was in town and taxed the same as in 1765, but French's name disappears from the tax lists, and it is supposed that he sold out and left the town. Thus the population of the town was, in 1766, reduced to the one family of Abner Smith. And as Smith in a few years removed from the town, and left no descendants here to keep alive the memory of their father, the tradition sprung up and has prevailed, that there were no permanent settlements within the limits of Westhampton before 1767.

In 1767, there were only three families in the town, viz., that of Abner Smith, Timothy Pomeroy and Noah Strong, Jr. Timothy Pomeroy came from Southampton and purchased the plan-

tation begun by French. He soon opened a tavern, which was greatly patronized by the hands working at the lead mine.

Old Nathaniel Strong, of Northampton, owned a large tract of land situate between the Shirkshire or Norwich road and the northerly line of Southampton, and embracing the spot now occupied by Wm. J. Lyman. This land had a great orchard of sugar maples on it, and his boys came out here to make maple sugar in the spring. They brought their supplies with them, on horseback, erected in the woods a tent on poles, covered it with brush, and spent two or three weeks in the encampment making maple sugar. In this way, the land was explored, and his grandson, Noah Strong, Jr., was induced to commence a plantation near the orchard. In 1767, he put up a log house on the westerly side of the Southampton road, about half way between the present residence of Wm. J. Lyman and the road leading to Norwich or Huntington. His family consisted of his wife and two children. Very late in the fall, or early in December of the same year, his third child was born, whom he named Lemuel.

This was the first birth in the town of Westhampton, and it took place under somewhat peculiar circumstances as they were related by Rev. E. Hale, and others. In the small country towns, before the year 1794, the service of a physician was not often employed at the birth of a child. This matter was left almost wholly to the care and skill of midwives. But the nearest midwife to Noah Strong was one who lived in Northampton village, and old Mrs. Burt, who lived in Southampton, four or five miles distant. One had been engaged to be present at the approaching birth. But the birth took place in the winter time, and there had been a very severe snow storm, which filled to overflowing all the footpaths and by-ways leading to and from Noah Strong's house. His only neighbors were some distance off: Smith on the west side, and French's family more than a mile to the eastward. The storm made any communication with his neighbors or the midwife very difficult if not impossible. A messenger had been sent through the woods for the midwife; but she did not come by reason of the deep snow. Word was sent to the neighboring families for aid. But the snow was deep and some time must elapse before any of the neighbors could get there. And some time after the child was born, in steps the midwife, with a hood over her head, and a tunic about her chest, having traveled several miles in snow shoes, without any path, and guided only by the blaze cut upon the trees.

In 1765, Samuel Kingsley, of Southampton, deeded to his son Samuel 40 acres, and to his son Joseph 50 acres, in Long Division on Shirkshire road.

In 1768, William Bartlett moved his family into town, and

settled upon the same spot, or near the residence of Jared Bartlett; and in the same year, Samuel Kingsley, Jr., began to build on the south side of the Norwich road, very near the house where he lived so many years. Bartlett was a man of considerable means, for his estate was taxed at £62 18s. in 1768. He brought sheep with him, as well as other animals, and is supposed to have first introduced sheep into town.

Martin Clark and John Smith moved into town in 1769. Clark first built upon the north side of the Norwich road, nearly opposite the new house of Mr. Ludden. Soon after this, he built another house on the south side, where he died after a life of great usefulness and labor.

John Smith, the brother of Abner, came from Chester with a large family. He lived in several places, once on the spot afterwards occupied by Levi Post; there he built the house in which Enoch Lyman used to live. In this year sheep first appear upon the tax list, 23 in all, and owned as follows: 14 by Bartlett, 4 by Pomeroy, 3 by Clark, and 2 by Kingsley.

Ten more persons came into this town in 1770; nine of them had families, making sixteen in all. There were Seth Burk, Joseph Kingsley, Jacob and Jonah Mallory, James Cowen, Ezra Hickson, Simeon Ward, Ephraim Sanford, and Joshua Claflin.

Seth Burk came from Goshen, built a house a little under the hill, and sold the same to Elijah Norton in 1785, when he moved to Vermont. This house is now standing. Joseph Kingsley settled near his brother Samuel. The Mallorys and Cowen married the sisters of Smith and built near them on the Norwich road. Jacob Mallory and Cowen soon left the town; Joshua Claflin built on the place at Turkey Hills, where Capt. Henry Hooker lived and died. Ezra Hickson planted on the east road near the old house of Justin Edwards. Simeon Ward built near the present residence of Asa Parsons. Ephraim Sandford was the first person to build on the road to Northampton by Roberts Meadow. Sandford built on the Bridges place, beyond Turkey Hill school house. He was for a time in the war, but finally sold out to Zachariah Curtis. Several new families moved into the place in 1771 and 1772, and remained here. Jonathan Fisher, who was the father of Major Fisher; Timothy Thayer, who built the old Alvord house over the brook where William Edwards now lives; John Bullard, who located in the place owned by Willard Smith. Gideon Clark, Jr. built on the farm which he occupied for so many years. Nathaniel Elliot and Ezekiel Snow built log houses down in the vicinity of the mines. Jonathan Wales moved his family into town in 1771, though he begun his plantation in the preceding year. Azariah Lyman was at work in the town in 1771; he built, in 1774, the two story house where his son, Jesse Lyman, lives. Ebenezer Stearns had

a place south-east of the old place, formerly occupied by Luke Phelps. John F. Tucker had a log house on Nathaniel Edwards' land, east of Joel Cook's; his wife and child were buried in Edwards' pasture. John Strong, 3d, first built near Wm. Bartlett, afterwards moved down opposite Gee's house.

On the tax list of 1771, are 21 names, having 23 1-2 polls and 8 houses, and they owned among them 13 horses over 3 years old, 10 1-2 yoke of oxen, 16 swine, and 20 sheep over one year old; and their land consisted of 26 1-2 acres mowing, 40 1-2 acres tillage, and 28 1-2 acres pasturing. The whole valuation was £259 18s., of which much the largest estate was that of Wm. Bartlett, valued at £62 14s.

On the list of 1772, there are 26 names and 26 polls, with 13 houses and five barns. The whole valuation was £379 15s, containing 174 1-2 acres improved land, 12 horses, 21 oxen, 22 cows, 18 swine, and 31 sheep. The six largest tax payers followed in this order:—Wm. Bartlett, Martin Clark, Samuel Kingsley, Timothy Pomeroy, John Smith, and Noah Strong, Jr. Bartlett had two horses, 4 oxen, 4 cows, 6 swine, 15 sheep. All the above houses were undoubtedly framed buildings, and the others lived in log houses. Two persons are rated as having one-third of a barn each. The whole tax was on polls, £5 12s, 1 1-2d, and on all other estate £2 4s., 3 1-2d, making a total of £7 16s., 5d, for 1772.

The poll tax was then upon all males from 16 years old and upwards. It was called poll tax from the word poll, a name for the head, the tax being so much on a head.

A great work was performed in Westhampton about this time in connection with the lead mines. About ten years before the revolutionary war, the noted Ethan Allen and a few other persons came to the mines, purchased large tracts of land in the vicinity, and began an excavation for lead. After sinking some thousands of dollars, they sold out to Wm. Bowdoin, brother of Governor Bowdoin, and others. These took hold of the work in great earnest, and employed many hands. They were led on by the common opinion that there was silver as well as lead in the mine. They excavated to the depth of sixty or seventy feet into the rock, and to remove the water which flowed into the pit, they put in a pump which was kept in motion by a stream of water brought more than two miles from Sodom brook, in the southerly part of the town. From this brook, the water was carried into a swamp a little south of the former residence of Sylvester Judd, senior; it then followed the course of a small stream, which issued from the easterly part of this swamp, and then a trench more than a mile long was dug to the mine. This trench could be seen in some places down to a late period of time. This Ethan Allen was very profane and noisy. He neither feared

God nor man. At one of his visits to the mine, Rev. Jonathan Judd of Southampton, gently rebuked him for his profanity. Allen attempted to excuse himself on the ground of the badness of human nature; the minister's answer is not given, but Ethan was much affected by it, and he was not heard to swear for several days.

The population increased rapidly from 1772 to the incorporation of the town in 1778. The land was cheap, and the soil proved much better than had been reported. The people worked upon the roads from year to year, and the north and south parts of the town began to meet together. The town of Northampton voted 1767 to build a bridge over the Manhan, at King's saw mill, and in the next year, it voted to build a bridge over Sodom brook. This was the first bridge made in the town of Northampton. It was voted to build a bridge beyond Samuel Kingsley's in 1771. Little neighborhoods gradually increased. Preaching was had occasionally and schools were opened. Everything invited emigration.

In 1773 came Ephraim Wright, Ebenezer French, Levi Post, Skelton Felton, Abiather French, Abner Claflin. In 1774 came Sylvester Judd, Reuben Wright, Rufus Lyman, Timothy and Asa Thayer, Elihu Chilson, John Baker, Nathan Clark, Jonathan Clark, Oliver Post. In 1775 there were forty persons taxed for 46 polls. And the new comers were Thomas Elwell, Joel Bartlett, Jonathan Frost, Ebenezer Clark, Epaphras Clark, John and David Parsons, Timothy Phelps, Timothy Edwards, William Atwater, Daniel Winter.

There were 48 polls, 32 houses, and 18 barns, in 1776. In 1777 and 1778 the new settlers were Peter Montague, Noah and Timothy Edwards, Elijah Boyden, Noah Parsons, Joseph Chilson, Jonathan Alvord, Sr. and Jr., Jehiel Alvord, John Fisher, Zachariah Curtis, Oliver Waters, Elijah Tyler, Nathaniel Rogers.

In 1778, there were about 60 families in Long Division, containing between 60 and 70 polls; and the whole population, in the latter part of this year, was not far from 300 souls. Now they feel able to perform the duties of a town, and they begin measures to be incorporated. A petition signed by 37 persons was presented to the town meeting in March, 1778, praying that "4 miles of the west end of Long Division shall be set off into a town or district," and for their proportion of the real and personal estate in the hands of the town. The town voted their consent to the separation of the four miles asked for, and that the inhabitants thereof were entitled to £137 15s. of the town's funds; and in part payment thereof voted to the proposed town a lot of land containing 107 acres.

At the next session of the General Court, the inhabitants of Long Division petitioned this body to be incorporated into a

separate town, stating "that your petitioners being now increased to a considerable number, are of the opinion that we can support a minister of the Gospel among ourselves." An act of incorporation was passed on 29th of September 1778, whereby the westerly part of the said town of Northampton, separated by a line four miles eastward from the west line of said town of Northampton, and parallel thereto, be incorporated into a separate town by the name of Westhampton.

At the March meeting of the town of Northampton in 1772, the inhabitants of Long Division petitioned the town to pay back to them their minister and school rates in order to pay for preaching. The request was granted, provided the money was spent for preaching; and in August, 1773, the town "being satisfied that the people of Long Division has spent £7 16s for preaching, gave Samuel Kingsley an order on the town treasurer for that sum. In December, 1773, the town voted £8 to the 4 miles of Long Division for preaching, provided they use it for that purpose; and in November, 1774, the town voted £9 to Long Division for preaching and schooling. November, 1777, the town voted £15 to Long Division, for preaching.

For some years after the settlement of the town, the men from Northampton went to meeting in Northampton on the Sabbath, and the Southampton men to Southampton. The first preaching in Westhampton was in the early part of the summer of 1772, Noah Cook of Hadley was hired for a few Sundays; he was the first one who preached in the town. The meetings were held in the houses of Samuel Kingsley and Timothy Thayer: first at Kingsley's, then at Thayer's. Thayer lived over the brook near the house of Wm. Edwards, and to accommodate some of the foot people, some logs were placed across the stream. But sometimes both girls and boys waded through the water. Mr. Cook was a lame man and walked with crutches, so that some persons used to call him the three legged minister. Next winter one Mr. Gould preached two or three times. In the winter of 1773-4 Mr. Hooker, coming from Northampton, held service and baptised three children, whose names were Noah Kingsley, Justice Burk and Rebecca Fisher. These are supposed to be the first baptisms in the town of Westhampton. There was preaching in the Northerly part of the town, in 1774 or 5, at the house of Jonathan Wales, by a Mr. Taft, the brother of Mrs. Wales. Taft was a zealous Whig, went about talking politics during the week, and on the Sabbath, prayed and preached about liberty. He refused entirely to drink any tea and urged others to do the same. He said tea was the blood of the country, and those who drank it drank up the life blood of the land. It was whilst Taft was preaching that Mr. Wales' son Nathaniel was born. His mother, it is said, who as well as her father were of the

Baptist sentiments, educated this son for a Baptist preacher. But the boy supposed he was wiser than his good mother, and when grown up adopted the opposite sentiments. Rev. Mr. Hooker of Northampton and Rev. J. Judd, of Southampton occasionally came and had lectures on the week days, in the town. As the population in the part of the town increased, the arrangement was made to hold the meetings alternately in the barns of Samuel or Joseph Kingsley, and Nathan Clark. A Mr. Hotchkiss preached a few times in Westhampton and Norwich. John Elliot preached 4 Sabbaths in the spring of 1778; Jonathan Smith of Hadley, and David Parsons of Amherst preached here in the same year. An old man called Father Saxton, who lived in a log house near the old house of Solomon Judd, preached all one summer in 1776 or 7. This Sexton was called very dull; but Elliott was a rousing man in the desk.

At the first meeting after the incorporation of the town, held the 19th of November, 1778, the town voted to hire Mr. Hale to preach four Sabbaths. March 8, 1779, the town hired Mr. Hale to preach two months longer. In August, 1779, the town voted to give Mr. Hale a call to settle in the ministry, and it was voted "to give him for settlement a lot of land in the Northwest part of the town, also fifteen acres of land taken from Nathan Clark's land, and five acres taken from Elihu Chilson's homestead, and that we will clear three acres of the land some time in 1780, three more in 1781, and four more in 1782, and we will build the said Mr. Hale a house thirty-two feet long and thirty feet wide, with a convenient shed to the same, said house to be built—the outside with one room upon the lower floor, to be completely finished some time in 1780, the rest of the lower part to be finished by April 1st, 1783, or if the said Mr. Hale shall choose, we will pay him what such a house so finished shall cost, by the 1st of April, 1783, and that we will give Mr. Hale for salary the first year of his ministry forty pounds, equal to wheat at four shillings per bushel, rye at three shillings per bushel, Indian corn two shillings per bushel (except in a year of extraordinary scarcity to be higher and in a year of extraordinary plenty to be lower) and said salary to rise three pounds per year, at the above mentioned value, until said salary should rise to seventy pounds per year, and then seventy pounds to be continued yearly, and that we will give Mr. Hale his fire wood yearly after the first six years of his ministry, and, lastly, if what we now offer should be found insufficient, we will make such further addition as his necessity shall require and our ability will admit of." To their proposal for a settlement, Mr. Hale, under date of August 11th, 1779, returned a short note to the town, stating that he wished more time to give them a full answer, and "that as matters appear to me at present I shall think

it my duty to accept your invitation if things continue to bear favorable aspect for it." And August 18th, 1779, he sent a full answer to the town in the following words:

"*To the People of Westhampton, Gentlemen and Friends:*

The message contained in your call and petition to me I have deliberately considered. To know my duty on this important occasion has much engaged my mind. I have earnestly looked to the God of all wisdom to give me Divine direction, and as his providence has given me opportunity, I have asked the advice of my friends and those whose judgment and experience I respect, to assist me in determining. The language of providence and my duty towards you, the active and persevering zeal which you have shown to enjoy the ministry of the gospel, the serious countenance which I have with pleasure observed in your religious assemblies, and the attention which has been given to my discourses invite me to engage my faithful endeavors to serve you with the encouraging hope, that my labors may be owned by the blessing of God for your spiritual welfare.

The agreement of the town to desire me to settle with you in the ministry of the gospel, as it is signified by the petition you have signed, is more general than I expected from what knowledge I had of your circumstances, and although it is not so universal as may be desired in proceedings of this nature, yet considering your situation I think it my duty, so far as I am able to understand the voice of providence, to comply with your request. This determination I am sensible will be unwelcome to some whom I have a hearty desire to please and oblige; these I earnestly entreat to consider my unhappy situation, which put a necessity upon me of acting unfavorably to them, to prevent my giving disappointment and uneasiness to a larger number. My complying with the mere general call I would hope may not be interpreted as manifesting disrespect or unkindness of disposition to any individuals, but as expressive of a hearty willingness and desire to serve and oblige the whole. I well know there are many difficulties, especially at the present day, which attend your infant state. These I am willing, and, if I settle in the ministry here, shall expect to share with you, and it is my hearty desire that you should be as little burdened as possible for my support, and provide only, as I am satisfied you are willing to do, such a comfortable living as the Gospel requires for its ministry. To calculate exactly what my future wants will be is impossible, but I hope never to be under the disagreeable necessity of asking for more than you have engaged to do for me, which fully answers my present desire.

I am even willing and in acknowledgment of your generosity in your present difficult circumstances, do freely consent that five pounds be abated from the height to which you offered that the salary should rise. Accordingly, instead of seventy pounds, I will, if you shall choose, consider sixty-five to be the extent of my yearly salary, even if I should continue with you more than ten years, trusting only as you have proposed that if this shall be found insufficient, you will make such addition to it as my necessities shall require, and your ability will admit. For a number of years, I have had it in my mind, if Providence should open the door, to enter into the work of the Gospel Ministry. And it has been my study to qualify myself if possible, in some measure for it; but after all to think of the dignity and importance of the office of a minister of Christ, the greatness of the work, and the concern and difficulty that must attend the faithful discharge of so important a trust, affects me with a very deep sense of my own insufficiency for these things, but it is a comfort to remember that He who has committed this treasure to earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, is able abundantly to support them in all their labor and trials, trusting in his wisdom and strength, and expecting likewise your kind assistance and prayers, I am persuaded to engage with the leave of Providence, to serve you in the dispensation of the Gospel, humbly praying that God's name may be glorified in blessing you with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

I am yours to serve in the Lord, ENOCH HALE.

WESTHAMPTON, August 18, 1779.

The town voted that the ordination of Mr. Hale should take place the 20th of September, 1779. But an ordination was no common event, and it was not easy to find a place in which the

exercises could be conveniently performed. A barn all covered except the east end, stood on the Norwich road, a little easterly of Jesse Lyman's house. It was decided to fit this building up for the occasion. At the east side of the barn a scaffold of boards was raised over the cattle stalls; and upon this platform the clergymen sat, and all the parts of the ordination were performed, facing outwardly upon the open air. Rev. Joseph Huntington preached the ordination sermon. The occasion called together a crowd of people, who disposed of themselves as best they might, inside of the barn and upon the ground around the easterly end of the barn; some sitting on rough boards, some standing, but all intensely watching the various parts performing upon the scaffold.

On 21st of May, 1779, the town having selected a spot, voted to build a meeting house thereon, and steps were taken to procure the necessary materials. The house was to be fifty feet long and forty feet in breadth. But soon a disagreement arose between the two parts of the town as to the place where the meeting house should stand. The South part, being first settled, was the most populous, and srtonger than the North portion, and tried to convey the meeting house as far south as possible. This was resisted by the North with great zeal and violence. One party proposed to place the church near Babcock's corner, on the old Norwich road, while the other side claimed that the little square in front of Nathan Clark's house was the best place. The struggle grew warmer and warmer, and became almost furious. The South carried a vote in their favor, and thereupon the North, to meet this action of the South, proposed to have the town divided into two equal parts, by a line running from east to west in the middle of the town, or running the dividing line in such a place as to leave one part of the town four miles square and the remainder to be two miles long and four miles wide. In order to harmonize the contending parties, soon after Mr. Hale's house was covered, it was agreed to hold the meetings in his house. This was done for a few Sabbaths, in the second story. This story was unfinished, leaving all the chamber room one undivided and unbroken hall. A rough box about four feet square was placed in the south-east corner of the room; a block sawed off from a large trunk of a tree, was placed upon this box—and this was the pulpit. The garret floor had not been laid, some boards were placed across the beams, where the floor ought to go; here the singers sat and sung. At first the only way to this platform was a ladder; but the women made objections to climbing up the ladder in so public a place, and thereupon a kind of box was built up around the ladder. This arrangement did not last long, for the North had to travel about four miles, and the South only two miles to church, and at the next town meeting the preaching was restored to Nathan Clark's barn.

Year after year the controversy went on, but no point could be agreed upon. Some proposed the centre of the town, but this centre would fall upon the westerly side of Tob Hill, near its top. At length a committee of grave men, consisting of Col. Chapin of Hatfield, Deacon White of Springfield, and Deacon White of Whately, was authorized to select a spot. They reported November 8th, 1783, a place for the church, which was accepted by the town. As usual, both parties finally repudiated this spot last mentioned. The timber had been provided, and the tradition is, that the frame of the meeting house passed backwards and forwards, by Mr. Hale's house, three times. Finally the town came back to its first love, and in December, 1784, after five years of strife, it was voted to put the house a little west of the spot last agreed upon before the settlement of Mr. Hale. In the next year, June 10th, 1785, the frame was erected, and meetings began to be held in it in 1786, though it was not completed for four years afterwards.

To Mr. Hale we are all deeply indebted for the end of this strife, which came very near breaking the town into two or more fragments. He did all he could to heal the troubled waters. And no man was better able to do this than he; so cool, calm, moderate and conciliating in all his movements, he held the peace offering to both sides. And to this noble man must be the chief praise in finally settling the commotion so harmoniously.

Now the meeting house is built, let us stop a moment and look at it with its surroundings. The place selected for it was the wild woods, the primeval trees of the forest had to be cut down to make room for it. There was no road to it, or from it, only a horse track passed by it in going from Nathan Clark's over to the south part of the town. There was not a habitation near it, save the log hut of Samuel Hering, and then came the house of Mr. Hale. But this wild spot was as near the centre of the town as the building could be conveniently put, and here finally all parties met in peace and love. The building was a plain, bunk-looking two story structure, with its length running north to south, and facing the east. It had neither bell nor steeple. The pulpit, with the sounding board over it, was on the west side, and there was an entrance into it from each of the other three sides, covered with porches. It had the high square box pews, with squeaking balusters on the lower floor, and there were the same kind of pews in the gallery next to the wall, raised up a foot or more above the aisle or pathway. The rest of the gallery consisted of two long narrow slips, extending round from the wall on the south side of the pulpit, to the wall on the north side. The old folks sat below, the children went into the gallery, the boys on one side by themselves, and the girls on the other side. How changed the scene now, and as we

look upon this pleasant edifice, and behold from the windows a landscape worthy of the most skilful painter, how difficult for the imagination to conceive the rough wilderness of olden time.

After the incorporation of the town, down to the end of the century, the growth of the town was rapid, and its good name was sounded abroad. During this time several new families moved into it. Among these were Dr. Hooker, Jared Hunt, Deacon Samuel Edwards, Capt. Noah Cook, Mr. Chapman, Elijah Norton—Clapps, Rusts, Burts, Caleb Loud. These all became industrious and influential citizens of the town, and contributed largely to strengthen, confirm and continue the noble institutions established by their predecessors.

In the Revolutionary war our forefathers entered into the contest against the mother country with great ardor; none did better than they, none contributed more liberally of their means and blood; well may we be proud of their efforts, and it is a duty we owe to them to cherish a lively remembrance of their sacrifices.

The last French war was concluded in 1762; after that time the military spirit abated, and from the close of the French war down to 1773 there were no trainings, and the militia became disorganized all through the country. In 1773, Gov. Hutchinson commissioned some officers for the western part of the state, but the people would not train under them. Training bands in the colony began to form in 1774. The first training in Westhampton was in the fall of 1774. The company, some thirty or forty strong, paraded in the door-yard of Dea. Martin Clark, clothed in their every-day working dress. Some of the men had guns, knapsacks, accoutrements; others had guns only, and a few no guns at all. In the choice of officers, William Bartlett was elected captain, Noah Strong, lieutenant, and Jonathan Fisher, ensign. The company had a small drum and no fifer; but we should not forget this day of small things, we should remember that this was in reality a volunteer organization, met to boldly prepare for the trials of war. In 1774, the first company of minute men was formed in Northampton, embracing some from Long Division. Capt. Noah Cook of Westhampton was a member of this company, then living in Northampton, News of the battle of Lexington reached Northampton on the morning of the 21st, when the men were at work in the meadows. Immediately the bells rung, and the drums beat to arms through the streets. Cook was in the meadow harrowing in oats. At once he left his work and oats, went home with all speed, and put on his equipments. Some others at work in the meadows did the same, and in a short time the whole company, armed and equipped, paraded before the meeting-house, when Rev. Mr. Hooker made a stirring prayer, and Colonel Seth Pomeroy encouraged them in the good cause. The same afternoon, on foot with three or four days'

rations, they started for Concord, where they arrived on the 24th. Another company of minute men was formed from Southampton, Norwich and Westhampton. Jonathan Wales, Ebenezer French, Jr., and Ebenezer Gee marched with this company to Concord soon after the battle of Lexington. They were stationed about Boston several months. In Sept. 1775 Gee, while stationed at Dorchester, enlisted and started with Arnold's expedition into Canada, and went as far as Dead River. In February, 1776, Noah Cook and Abiather French marched with the second expedition to Canada by way of Ticonderoga, arrived at Quebec in April, where they took the small pox, with no doctor or medicine, except butternut-bark pills.

At Dorchester, Ebenezer French enlisted and went on for the defence of New York. In Dec., 1776, a company was formed under Jonathan Wales, captain, and Noah Strong, lieutenant. This company marched to Peekskill, then to Morristown, N. J., where Washington had his headquarters. From Westhampton this company took Seth Burk, Jonathan Fisher, Levi Post, Timothy Phelps, Asa Thayer and Sylvester Judd. Jonathan Fisher died at Morristown, and was buried there. He was a fair looking, well built man, with gentlemanly manners. He was a zealous patriot, and did much to aid the enlisting of soldiers. He was brave, courageous and a true soldier. In the call to reinforce Gen. Gates, in September, 1777, eight men went to his army from Westhampton. In 1780, every sixth man was called for from Westhampton to fill the continental army. The General Court issued the call June 5th, and the men started off on the 28th of the same month. In the fall of 1781, a company from the three Hamptons was mustered in Westhampton, and then marched to Saratoga, to prevent any invasion from Canada, while Washington went south, after Cornwallis.

And so throughout the whole contest, the people responded promptly to every call for men. And the same spirit seemed to animate all. There were no laggards or skulks in this town, and though the calls followed each other very frequently, in one instance less than a month intervened, yet I do not find that the draft had to be resorted to in order to procure the men. There are several votes in the town records about procuring blankets for the soldiers. Orders came from time to time to the towns to provide supplies for the army, that is, so many pounds of beef, so many blankets, shoes and stockings. Committees were appointed to visit every house: they decided whether the house should furnish one, two or more blankets, or so much beef, &c. The owner produced them forthwith, and took his pay in continental paper. Or if the owner preferred, he could pay so much money, and save his bacon. The town was to provide each soldier with a fire-arm and bayonet, or instead of bayonet, a toma-

hawk or hatchet, a cartouch box, knapsack and blanket. I do not find any trace of a tory in the town, except one person; and the record is that "the place soon became too hot for him and he left."

The Shays rebellion, which broke out with so much violence in 1786, affected, to some extent, every town in the western part of the state. The people were all ready for ferment, their means had been spent in the late struggle with the mother country, many of them were deeply in debt, and had no ability to pay. And the soldiers, who had received their pay in government certificates, were obliged to sell them at a ruinous discount, in order to procure the means of living. In October, 1782, twenty-seven towns in Hampshire County sent delegates to Hatfield, to consider the present burdens and grievances; but in August, 1786, delegates from more than fifty towns in Hampshire County assembled at Hatfield, and proclaimed open defiance to the government. This body excited a riotous spirit everywhere. Some of the towns were wholly carried away by the Regulators, as they called themselves; and government men were wholly removed from all posts of trust and honor; and in others, a large majority of the people openly sympathised with, and supported the insurgents.

But I do not find that any one from Westhampton took a part in any of these proceedings. They all continued loyal. The mobbers found no substantial aid or sympathy in this town. Capt. Samuel Kirkland, of Norwich, was an active opponent of the mobbers and regulators. He exerted a great influence in his own and the adjoining towns. The Shays party was highly incensed at him, and they determined to shut him up. A party of insurgents surrounded his house and captured him. It was determined to take him to Northampton for safe keeping. But it is said they did not dare take Mr. Kirkland through Westhampton, for fear of a rescue by its loyal people.

Many persons are disposed to treat the Shays rebellion as a light matter, but it was a very serious outbreak, and so great was the discontent and mutterings all over the Commonwealth, that nothing but good leadership was lacking to the success of the rebels.

And further: to the Convention which met at Boston, January, 1788, to consider the new Constitution which had been formed for the union of the States, this town sent, as its delegate, Maj. Aaron Fisher. This body had a stormy session. The new Constitution was bitterly and violently opposed, and for a long time it was fearful it would be rejected. Many of the small towns were hostile to it, and all the Shays sympathisers read in it their destruction. And finally, by the strenuous exertions of Gov. Hancock, then in the zenith of his popularity, it was adop-

ted by a majority of only nineteen votes. As long as he lived, Maj. Fisher enjoyed the proud satisfaction of voting in the affirmative. And now, when we consider that this instrument has borne us through so many struggles in triumph, we point with great exultation to the fact, that our delegate was one of the nineteen whose vote is to be immortal.

Coming down to the last attempt to destroy this same Constitution, the town has exhibited marked fidelity to the great charter of government, which it had aided in establishing, more than seventy years before. More than half of the men called for were furnished from our own townsmen, and whether on the march or in battle, they proved that the same loyal blood had descended from sire to son.

Our ancestors took early measures to provide education for their children. They often petitioned the town to allow the people of Long Division something for schooling. In 1776, the town "voted £9 for preaching, and schooling the children in the summer season." Some children were sent to Northampton and Southampton for schooling. In the winter of 1781–2, the people of the south part raised a fund by private contribution, and opened a school. This is said to be the first school in town. They employed Deacon Samuel Edwards to keep the school, in part of the house of Capt. Azariah Lyman. This was kept about three months. He taught reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling. He was an excellent teacher, and was engaged for several winters. The first school house was built by private individuals in 1782, near Babcock's corner.

Mr. Hale took much interest in starting the schools, and urged the town to make suitable provision for the education of the youth. He encouraged young men to go on in their studies, he assisted them, and invited them to come to his house for instruction, and it was through his advice that so many young men, in the early years of the town, fitted themselves to enter college. These students had very small means to aid them in their studies, and the kind assistance of their pastor saved their funds from exhaustion, and quickened their zeal. Rev. Justin Edwards pursued his preparatory studies with Mr. Hale, and entered the sophomore class, and yet his whole expenses were only $38.

Williams was the favorite college for the Westhampton boys. Justin Edwards several times walked to and from Williamstown, a distance of forty miles. But the early collegians used to ride to and from college on horseback. At the beginning of the term, a number from this and the adjoining towns would go up together, taking one person along with them on a spare horse. The latter would go to the college in one day, pass the night, and, on the following day, lead back the horses with empty sad-

dles, and at the end of the term, some one would hitch together as many horses as there were students, and lead them to Williamstown for the boys to ride home upon. Mr. Sylvester Judd made several such trips, to bring home his brother Hophni and others.

The first settlers of Westhampton were remarkable men; not great in renown, or illustrious in birth, or wonderful in deeds; but they were true hearted, genuine men. They were plain farmers, distinguished by homely virtues, strong common sense, and love of independence, earnest, zealous piety, and great forwardness in all good works. Just look around for a moment, and see what they had to do.

When Abner Smith, in 1762, first came into town, this part of the township was a wilderness, covered with an unbroken forest. In every direction were woods, underbrush and mountain elevations. No habitation was to be seen, no pioneer had put up his log abode, the woodman's axe was not heard, and the entire region was as silent as the grave, save when interrupted by the sighing of the wind, or the gambol of wild animals. Even as late as 1800, one standing upon the top of Tob, or Mineral Hill, or the hill near Norton's old tavern, which at this day open to the eye such beautiful prospects, and scenes of surpassing loveliness, looked down upon hardly a mark of civilization, save the curling smoke above the tall trees, rising from a few scattered habitations. And there were just the same wildness and boundless forests, stretching over the northerly portion of the town. Old Mrs. Sibil Bridgman, wife of Elisha Bridgman, said she could see nothing but woods and forests from her husband's house, on Hanging Mountain, in 1786.

Besides, Long Division was the despised part of the old plantation laid out in 1654, on the west side of Connecticut river; it had no meadows stretching far and wide, ocean-like; it had no interval land, resting in the bosom of the mountains, and treasuring up the riches of untold ages; and it had no rivers to open a highway for enterprise and adventure. For a long time after the settlement of Northampton, meadow was the only land which had more than nominal value; other land was not prized, nor had it any temptation to the pioneer.

Our forefathers were not rich in this world's goods; they were men of small means, and they could bring with them into the woods but few of the instruments necessary to battle the forests. But they were industrious and stout hearted, and willing to meet dangers and difficulties; they were the real genuine working men and women. They rose out of bed with the birds in the morning, and began their toil as soon as it was light enough to stir about, and they continued to toil as long as they could see; and, in the winter season, long after darkness had covered the earth. There were no ten hour men in the days of our fa-

thers; they toiled through fourteen, and sometimes sixteen hours, of the twenty-four. Think you these acres of woods would have been leveled to the ground, these miles of roads been made, and these farms fenced with such good stone walls, and brought into such good cultivation, if our ancestors had lived according to the ten hour system, so called? If our fathers had begun to work in the morning at seven o'clock, and left off work at six in the afternoon, think you that to-day Westhampton would have been anything but old despised Long Division, covered over with underbrush and rocks, or that we should have had any call to celebrate its birthday?

Their dress was strong but simple. Pantaloons were not known in this part of the state eighty years ago. The men, both old and young, wore checkered shirts and a sort of brown tow or woolen trousers, or short breeches, known at the time as kilts or skilts; these only reached just below the knees, generally loose and open at the bottom, but sometimes fastened with a buckle. They had no braces or gallows, but were buttoned tight round the hips, in sailor fashion. Boots were rarely seen; they wore shoes, and leggings over their legs in winter, but all the summer and fall work was done, at home and in the meadows, by them, bare legged and bare footed. The head was covered with a cap made of the skin of some wild animal, and if perchance any of the men were able to wear a felt hat, it was kept for Sunday-go-to-meeting, and lasted a lifetime.

Their diet was very simple, but it was hearty, and contained the very marrow of life. Seventy years ago bread and milk were the common food of New England children for breakfast and supper, except on Saturdays and Sundays, when they made their supper and breakfast of hasty pudding and milk; but at times in the winter, when milk was scarce, a little water and apple molasses were put into a dish of cider and the whole warmed, then toasted bread was crumbed into it, and this mixture of bread and cider constituted the meal; and down to the nineteenth century, the adults and children made their morning and evening meals of this same bread and milk or bread and cider. This was good eating. The Indian bread of our foremothers bore no resemblance to the tasteless stuff, which goes by that name to-day, and it was far more nutritious and wholesome than the sour, soggy bread streaked with saleratus, which is brought upon the table by our domestics. The dinner was the great meal then as now. The children then were allowed to come to the table. This consisted of corned beef and pork, boiled often with potatoes, turnips and cabbage, commonly called pot-luck; to this was added once a week a boiled Indian pudding, and during the most laborious periods of the year, they made their suppers of this pot-luck, brought on to the table in the shape of cold viet-

uals. They had no butcher carts. Water or cider was the common drink, save on Sundays, or festive occasions, and rarely on washing days, when a little bohea tea was steeped and resteeped, so long as it would color, or give any taste to the water. At a much later day, cider brandy or pupelo came into use.

But our grandmothers, and their loving daughters, too! I cannot pass them by in silence. They contributed too largely to the success of the young town, to be forgotton on this occasion. They should be placed in the foreground of our memories. They bore their full share of the toils and labors of pioneer life. They were the spinners, weavers, tailors, nurses and doctors of the town; they were the dairy maids and cooks, as well as the friends, sweethearts and housewives of our fathers. They were really the helps meet for their husbands. They were always at work; the morning began with the work, work, work, kept on all through the day, and late into the night, by the light of the pitch-pine faggot. They brought up the cows from the pasture and milked them, they fed the calves, nursed the sickly lambs, fed the pigs, raised the chickens and goslins, and took care of the garden. These, however, were the mere daily chores. They raked and spread hay, they pulled and spread flax; and in one of the neighboring towns. I saw a woman who would load and unload hay faster than any man could take it away. They made cheese and butter; and I find, in Mr. S. Judd's manuscript, an instance where the mother and daughter did all the cooking, washing and mending for twelve laborers, and at the same time took care of the milk of thirty cows. Then, again, almost all the clothing was made from flax and wool raised in the family. And I need not stop here to speak of their skill in making rye and rye and Indian bread, when we are all of us beginning to abandon our cream of tartar biscuits and saleratus bread, made out of the choicest brand of the Genesee or St. Louis flour, and trying to substitute in the place thereof the sweet nutritious rye and Indian bread of our grandmothers. True it is that these good old dames sometimes of a Monday, after a hard day's work at washing, would sit down and sip a little bohea tea, and that, now and then, several women of the neighborhood would get together and talk gossip; but here no time was lost, for the knitting needle or the darning needle moved more rapidly than their tongues. And this toil and struggle followed day after day, and continued from the beginning to the end of the year; there were no holidays then; picnics and barbecues had not then been heard of. Almost the only interruptions were the twenty-four hours of the Sabbath, which were kept most sacredly by them, and the occasional calls for extra meetings on week days, during the time when unusual attention was given to religion. And yet they grew up hearty, stalwart men and genuine women;

lived to a ripe old age. Sickness rarely came into the household, the doctor was seldom called in, they never bought any patent medicine, and it was not often that any illness afflicted them which a little "*pennyrial*" or thoroughwort tea, or a few doses of "*pikery*" did not cure.

A trip to the seaside for health, who ever heard of it? A journey to the White Mountains! why they had simply to mount Tob, Cub or Turkey Hills, and they were fanned by a breeze as fine as any which sweeps across Mount Washington.

The dress of the women was as simple as that of the men. Most of their clothing consisted of wool, flax and cotton, made by their own hands. The materials were colored in the dye tub, which used to stand near the great kitchen fire place, or by the aid of butternut bark. Generally, they wore a black or striped petticoat, with a white linen gown which extended down a little below the waist, and a long checked apron in front. When at work out of doors sometimes they were bareheaded, but more commonly they covered their head with a rush hat, or a paste-board bonnet bound with a cape to protect the neck. Perhaps some here to-day can remember the butternut colored petticoats worn by the school girls, and the flannel gowns of a bluish or purple color, worn by adult females. These were made up loose, adapted to the action of the body, and not fitted to sweep the streets, cut short so that the feet could move freely, and drawn up by a string in a few folds about the waist, so loose that the lungs could perform all their duties. So dressed, the boys had hard work to catch the girls in the race at tag. For winter, the hood was the bonnet, a vandike was worn over the shoulders, a flannel gown protected the chest, and thick woolen mittens covered the hands. This was the golden age of home-spun.

It is no wonder that before the energy of such men and women, the forest disappeared, and soon the wilderness blossomed as the rose. It is no wonder, that during the ten years which followed the first blow of the first settler's axe, thirteen framed houses and as many barns had been erected.

And yet, in the midst of all this struggle with nature, how rapidly the children increased; they became almost as numerous as the birds of the forest. The families of our forefathers were large. Four or five children were a small number; seven and eight were the more common numbers; often there were ten or twelve robust children in the family, and sometimes sixteen. The children were born healthy, they were fed upon plain, simple food, they grew up stout and healthy; and the dwellings of the parents were filled and made vocal with the merry clatter of buxom girls and ruddy boys.

How unlike the present day is this. Now we must travel many a mile before we can find a family of ten children; four

or five is the more common number, and often we see a family with only one or two children, and these often little puny, white livered things, without life or health, and so feeble and delicate as to take two or three persons to take care of one of them. In fact, in these times, many families are met with which are wholly destitute of children, while many of the families which do have them, cannot or are unwilling to take care of them, but the little ones, like lambs disowned by their dams, are brought up by hand or put out to nurse. And so rare is it now to see ten children cluster around one fireside, that such a sight is a great curiosity. I have traveled more than twelve miles to see a mother of sixteen children, and when I meet with one of ten, I feel like bowing and saluting her with deep reverence and honor. Let luxury, fashion and extravagance go on in this country, and we shall depend upon the foreigner to do not only the work, but also to make any additions to our census.

With them, marriages took place in the morning of life, when the heart was pure and the affections strong. There were few, if any, old bachelors in those times, and there was a gill for every jack. The young man did not wait to make a fortune before he took a wife, nor did the fair maid reject the offer of him, who came only with a stout heart and hands hardened by manly toil. And as for a setting out, little was needed by the fair maids except the feather bed, which was filled with real live geese feathers, plucked by their own hands. And I have been informed by one of the parties, that one young couple began their married life by moving into the back room of the groom's father, with only two chairs and a bed; and they had their meals in this way, the wife got up early and took the cooking utensils of the old folks, prepared the breakfast, eat it, and washed the dishes, and carried them back into the other apartment in season for the breakfast by her parents; and so on, for dinner and supper, she used the dishes of her parents, some half an hour before they wished to use the same.

Such is a very imperfect sketch of some of the manners and deeds of the first inhabitants of Westhampton. They were a race of sterling men, such as this country will never see again. They laid deep and strong the foundations of the prosperity of the town. They set in motion all those influences which have blessed the people; they established all the ordinances which have bound together, in one harmonious whole, the diverse elements of the human race. By their wisdom, discord was reduced to harmony, and peace has reigned throughout all its borders; by their energy and industry, prosperity has been universal, and through their humble but devout piety, happiness has entered every cottage, and contentment fills every soul. Their life was one of toil, and it had its griefs, sorrows and disap-

pointments; but these troubles, like the fleecy clouds passing over the sun in the western sky, only made their declining days more brilliant, and their sunset more glorious and resplendent.

P. S. In the preparation of the foregoing address, in all disputed points, I have followed the authority of Sylvester Judd, late of Northampton. Born in Westhampton in 1789, and living here till 1822, he knew many of the early settlers of the town, and had the best opportunity to determine the facts of its settlement. He took a deep interest in the welfare of the town, and devoted much of his time to advance its prosperity. While here he began his historical and classical studies, it was here he formed that simple but vigorous style of writing in which he afterwards excelled, and it was here he began to practice that industry, application and sterling integrity, which, in after years, made him so distinguished as an antiquarian, and his authority almost unquestioned. The later years of his life were chiefly occupied in studying the history of the Connecticut Valley, and the life, habits and customs of its early settlers, intending to write a history of Northampton and the neighboring towns. For this purpose he accumulated a vast amount of rare and valuable material, part of which is contained in his history of Hadley, but the greater part remains in numerous manuscript volumes. To these manuscripts I had constant reference in writing this address.

ADDRESS.

BY OTIS CLAPP, ESQ.

The creation and establishment of the townships of New England in the last two centuries, constitute an era in the history of free government and human civilization.

[After quoting De Tocqueville, John Quincy Adams and others, to show the motives which brought the first settlers to New England, and their creation of the system of *small townships* as the rallying points of the people, and the nurseries of civil and religious freedom, and portraying the great influence which these states in miniature exerted upon the independent thinking and future destinies of the country, Mr. Clapp proceeded to say:]

It is a matter of no small satisfaction to us, as natives of this good old town of Westhampton, attracted from the different points of the compass, to this reunion, on the soil that gave us birth, to know that its first settlers were true to the principles of their origin; that they labored faithfully and successfully to transmit to their children the blessings they had received.

No native was allowed to grow up in ignorance. I was a resident of the town from 1806 to 1823. During this period, I never saw such a prodigy, as a man or woman, native or resident, who could neither read nor write. I well recollect, when so young as to occupy a seat among the youngest pupils, the amazement produced by this incident. A family moved into the town with several daughters who were women grown. Their acquirements were such that they were placed in *our* class.

Here children and adults were in the same class. They were required to ascend the same "ladder to learning," by studying and reciting the same lessons, and on the same level. The novelty of the case caused feelings of surprise not easily effaced.

The early founders of this town were deeply imbued with the principles to which I have referred. Rev. Enoch Hale was their first minister, and may be regarded as a fair representative of these principles. A brief sketch, therefore, of the Hale family, it has been suggested, may not be inappropriate to this occasion, and may help to illustrate the subject before us.

There were in England at the first settlement of this state, three large families of Hales, and all seem to have been educated among the puritans. The celebrated jurist, Sir Matthew Hale, was one of them. Two of these families sent representatives to this state. Robert Hale came to Charlestown in 1632, and was

made deacon of the church in that place at its formation. His son, Rev. John Hale, graduated at Harvard College in 1657. He was settled as the first minister at Beverly, in 1667. He was one of the chaplains connected with the expedition to Canada in 1690, and was taken prisoner. He was a highly educated, influential and useful man.

One of his sons, Deacon Richard Hale, moved to Coventry, Connecticut. He had thirteen children. The fifth was Rev. Enoch Hale, born October 28, 1753, and the sixth was Nathan Hale, born June 6, 1755, and who was executed as a spy in New York, by the British army, September 22, 1776. There was less than two years difference in the ages of the two. Both entered Yale College in 1769, and graduated in 1773. They were devotedly attached to each other. So profoundly did Enoch feel the death of his brother, that he was never known to allude to him, unless led to do so by others. Such a death, with its attending circumstances, undoubtedly tended to deepen and develop those grave and serious qualities of character which shone forth so prominently in his after life. Such are the teachings of an overruling providence.

The father had intended both sons for the ministry, and their studies had reference to that end.

The father is represented as a man of sterling integrity, piety and industry. He was farmer, deacon of the church, and representative to the general assembly. He passed a long, laborious and useful life. The mother was a lady of high moral and domestic worth, strongly attached to her children, and careful of their culture.

The family was eminently puritan in its faith, tastes and manners—a quiet, strict, godly household, where the Bible ruled, and family prayers never failed, nor was grace ever omitted, nor work done after sundown of a Saturday night. Nathan early exhibited a fondness for rural sports. In consequence, his infancy, at first feeble, soon hardened into firm boyhood, and with the growth of his body, his mind developed rapidly. He mastered his books with ease, and was constantly applying his information. When he entered college, he was considered a prodigy of learning in the churches. President Dwight, his tutor, entertained a very high idea of his capacity. He used frequently to refer to him, and always with admiration of his course in college, and of deep regret of his untimely fate. He spoke of him as peculiarly fond of scientific pursuits, and that in these he stood at the head of his class.

He has beautifully eulogized him in verse. President Sparks says: "He became distinguished as a scholar; and endowed in an eminent degree with those graces and gifts of nature which add a charm to youthful excellence, he gained universal esteem

and confidence. To high moral worth and irreproachable habits, were joined gentleness of manners, an ingenuous disposition, and vigor of understanding. No young man of his years put forth a fairer promise of future usefulness and celebrity; the fortunes of none were fostered more sincerely by the generous good wishes of his associates, or the hopes and encouraging presages of his superiors."

He graduated in 1773, and commenced school-keeping, first in East Haddam, and then in New London. The school in which he taught was owned by the first gentlemen in New London, all of whom were exceedingly gratified by his skill and assiduity. His skill in imparting knowledge was unsurpassed. When the news arrived at New London of the attack by the British upon Lexington, April 19, 1775, the citizens at once assembled in town meeting. Hale addressed the assembly. "Let us march immediately," said he, "and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence," and enrolling at once as a volunteer. He assembled his school the next morning, made his pupils an affectionate address, gave them earnest counsel, prayed with them, and shaking each by the hand, took his leave.

His company was ordered to Boston. In November, 1775, the army was threatened with dissolution, by the expiration of enlistments. Hale promised his company his own pay if they would tarry a given period. He was located from September, 1775, to April, 1776, in the camp around Boston, where all was siege and counter plot, in the mouth of danger. His company, from the skill with which he managed it, soon became a model for others.

He was the frequent guest of General Putnam, and conferred freely with Generals Sullivan, Lee and Spencer. In April, 1776, he was transferred with his troops to New York. At that time a British sloop laden with supplies was anchored under the sixty-four guns of the British ship Asia. Hale arranged a surprise party, took her as a prize, and used the goods to feed the hungry and clothe the naked of our own army.

In September, 1776, General Washington became extremely anxious to learn the number and position of the British army on Long Island. A board of officers concurred with him as to its importance, and Col. Knowlton was selected to find a competent person to penetrate their lines and lift the veil of secrecy. Knowlton appealed to the officers of his own regiment, and then to others for some one to volunteer, but all declined. Hale, who had been sick, and was still pale and feeble, and came late to the assembly of officers, said, "I will undertake it." His friends and classmates expostulated. Here is his reply. "I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important, and so much desired by the commander of our armies, and

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and I know of no other mode of obtaining the information, than by assuming a disguise, and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by becoming necessary. If the exigences of my country demand peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious."

His acceptance was placed upon the simple ground of loyalty to duty. He succeeded in gaining the desired information, but was taken prisoner and executed. A Bible was refused him in his last moments. The letters he had written to his family were torn up by his coarse and unfeeling executioner, who, at the last moment, scoffingly demanded his dying speech and confession. The only answer by Hale was in these words: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

The last remark of Andre, made under similar circumstances, was: "I pray you to bear me witness, that I meet my fate like a brave man."

"Is it not obvious," says the historian, "that one was measuring himself in the eyes of men—the other in the eyes of his Maker?" Andre was thinking of himself, Hale of his country.

It is believed that these traits of character, this trust in God, this loyalty to duty, were largely shared by the two brothers. They had been brought up like most of the New England colonists, in highly religious surroundings; to believe in the word of God, as the only rule of action, in all the relations of life.

Rev. Enoch Hale was ordained on the 28th of September, 1777, and died January 14th, 1837, after a ministry of fifty-seven years. He possessed qualities of mind and character, that rendered him in his day and generation, a marked man. Not so much for brilliant talents, as for thorough conscientiousness, and habits of quiet and systematic order. His life seemed serene and useful. He possessed thorough self-control, and alwas manifested to all, peace and good will. He was exceedingly exact in his habits, as shown in his appointments, and in his records. He kept an exact record of the births, marriages and deaths; and the members of the church, in the town. He took a warm interest in the schools, and used to visit them often. He kept a complete record of the names and ages of the pupils, in a portable book for easy reference. These records were nearly all destroyed by the burning of his house in 1816.

He prepared a spelling book about the first of this century, in which he endeavored to realize the apostolic idea, to think and "speak as a child," with a view of interesting children in lessons and stories adapted to their apprehension. In this he succeeded in suiting the little ones; but not the adults. In

those days it was the custom to teach children abstract doctrines of theology, as well as to read, write and spell. His effort was a generation too soon. The idea was taken up thirty years later, and now the world is full of juvenile literature. He used to have more or less pupils to fit for college, or as teachers. Among these were Rev. Dr. Justin Edwards, Rev. E. B. Wright and Rev. Dorus Clarke.

For many years he examined all the teachers for the town schools, and gave certificates to such as proved competent. Among the qualifications required, was the ability to teach "good behavior." In this way his influence was felt in raising the standard of the schools, and upon the manners of the children. No boy or girl, in those days, ever thought of passing an adult in the street, without the proper bow or curtesy. "The influence," I am told by one who knew him well, "was felt in the common schools in Westhampton, years after his decease, by those who had been pupils in the district schools, and had children of their own to send to the district schools." He was careful and exact in the use of language, never letting drop expressions which would inflict a wound. Under the fostering care of such ministrations, and with the cordial co-operation of leading minds, there existed a healthy tone of public sentiment in the town. This showed itself in the management of its religious, educational and civil affairs, which caused Westhampton to be spoken of by her neighbors, in this regard, as a model town.

He had eight children, three sons and five daughters, all of whom were married, and had children. His oldest son, Nathan Hale, was born in 1774. He graduated at Williams College in 1804, and was admitted to the bar in 1810. He commenced as editor of the Weekly Messenger in 1811, and of the Daily Advertiser—the first daily paper in New England—in 1814. In 1825 he published a map of New England, which had been prepared with great care and labor. He was one of the most exact, and best read geographers in the country. He was one of the first in the country to make known the advantages of railroads, and did more than any one man in the state to inform the public mind in relation to them. He was acting President of the Massachusetts Board of Internal Improvement, under whose superintendence the surveys were made for a system of railroads. He was first President of the Boston and Worcester Railroad—the first road that run cars out of Boston.

He was chairman of the Board of Commissioners for introducing water into the city of Boston. As a journalist for nearly fifty years, he occupied a position among the first, for variety of information, solidity of judgment, and dignity of character. Few men have contributed more largely to the physical wealth of the state, or have proved more useful citizens.

Dr. Enoch Hale was born in 1790, and died in 1846. Professionally, he was well educated. He stood high as a practitioner, and as an author. His first work was called "Experiments on the Production of Animal Heat by Respiration," which attracted much attention both here and in England. He subsequently wrote a work on "Spotted Fever," and another on "Typhoid Fever." He was a frequent contributor to medical journals and reviews. "Few among us," says Dr. W. Channing, his biographer, "have done more than he has in his way, to benefit his profession. He was a thorough student, a careful observer of facts, and exact in recording them. He was also a man of decided convictions and character, and outspoken in his views."

Richard Hale was born July 2d, 1792, and died in 1839. He was a farmer. He possessed qualities of mind and character that endeared him to all who were placed in circumstances to feel them.

"Madam Hale," says an old and respected parishoner, "was a fitting partner for a parish minister. Intelligent, industrious, judicious and frugal, well versed in the culinary department, nothing wasted, the cruse of oil and barrel of meal never failed. The clothing of the family in her day, being mainly of domestic manufacture, she put her hands willingly and efficiently to the work, aided and assisted by her five daughters, as far as age and ability would permit. By the people of Westhampton, I believe, she was universally respected and beloved." Four of these daughters are still living. It may be more proper to speak of them and their children at some future period.

My early recollections of this town extend back something over half a century. I can recollect the advent of light carriages for traveling, and some of the changes it produced. Prior to that period, going to church on Sundays was made on foot, and on horseback. Pillions, attached to the saddle for ladies, were common, and several horse blocks, with steps to aid in mounting the horse, were located near the church. It was no very uncommon thing to see two adults and two children mounted on one horse—one astride in front, and the other in its mother's arms.

In those days, everybody went to church, old and young, unless prevented by sickness. As I was born and lived within eight rods of the meeting house, I knew by sight every man and woman, and nearly every child in the town.

I could also recognize the ownership of nearly every horse and carriage, as well as every dog in the town.

It was from the adjoining hill called Tob, named from an old Indian who used to reside thereon, where the first emotions of beauty and grandeur were awakened in my mind. This was

caused by admiring the waters and valley of the beautiful Connecticut; the peaks of Mounts Tom and Holyoke, as well as the lesser mountains and hills in all directions. In the language of Dr. Dwight in relation to the Connecticut:

> No watery gleams through fairer valleys shine,
> Nor drinks the sea a lovelier stream than thine.

I have since travelled in near half the states, and in the Canadas, with an eye always open to fine scenery; but to my mind nothing exceeds in picturesque beauty, the scenery of this good old county of Hampshire.

To the native, who has roamed over these hills and vales in days of childhood and innocence; who has inhaled its invigorating breezes, and who has its scenes engraven upon his memory, his heart will fondly turn to the place of his nativity, and its scenes will challenge comparison with all others.

Among the most delicate and touching experiences in life, are those in which the memories of childhood are reproduced. One illustration of this was shown in the case of the late Nathan Hale. When on the threshold of the other world, and with his mind partly there, he used to bid his family and friends an affectionate good-by, saying "he was going to Westhampton!"

The late Dr. Nott used to regard as foremost among the agencies for the development of social character, the Singing School, and similar gatherings of the country towns. This town has not, it is believed, been behind others in availing itself of these advantages. The influence of social gatherings to practice the singing of music, is in a high degree elevating. The advantages of this in the camp were strikingly manifest. Those young men who had cultivated a taste for music, had always resources to fall back upon; and those resources were elevating, instead of debasing in character. The soldier who could in heart join his companions in songs of patriotism and praise, could hardly fail to be reliable on the field of battle. A case in illustration came under my observation. A young man once spent the singing school season in this town. He entered heart and soul into the work of learning, procured his tuning fork, and was never more happy than when joining others in song. He carried this taste to the prairies of the West, and from there to the camps in Virginia. He drew the soldiers around him; and although they were among the most efficient fighting characters in the service, they spent a good portion of their leisure in chanting songs of praise.

The most reliable soldiers of the recent war, were not those recruited at the Five Points and Black Seas. They were the graduates of our Sabbath Schools, and of houses where the precepts of the Divine Word are made the rule of life. According

to Cromwell, (the greatest soldier of his age,) "he that prays best, and preaches best, will fight best." Those men and women who drink in these inspirations, can go into the highways and byways, without soiling their garments. The poison of the asp and the cockatrice cannot hurt them. The hope of the world is in the purity and integrity of the family. Rural life and scenes seem best adapted to foster and to nourish these qualities. It is much easier to surround childhood with healthy influences, in such scenes, than amid the distractions and allurements of the city. Respect for, and obedience to, the invitations of the nine o'clock evening bell, on the part of the young, have an almost magic influence in laying the foundations of a sound constitution, fitted for a life of useful endurance.

Our system of small townships and churches is admirably adapted as nurseries for teaching and instilling into the minds of the young those fundamental principles of justice, which form the basis of intelligent and virtuous action. One of the ends of creation is, that men and women should have sound minds in sound bodies. Here, on these hills and valleys, is the place, of all others, to lay the foundations of both. On no spot of earth does the sun shine brighter, nor is the air of heaven more pure.

Whether your course of life is to be spent here, or elsewhere, there can be no better place to develop healthy physical and moral muscles, to meet the warfare of life.

Jefferson regarded large cities as pests in the body politic. Cities are only what the towns of the country make them, by the kind of men and women which they contribute to them. The city is merely a centre of demand and supply for the manufactured and other products of the country—not excepting its vices. The tone of morals which prevail in the city is largely determined by the quality of its contributions from the country.

If we train up the young in the way they should go, all is well. But if otherwise, the community is drawn downwards by inverted influences. How important, therefore, that children should go into the world with moral principles so fixed as not to be turned aside by temptation!

Forty years ago a poor boy left this town for one of the large cities. He there met a talented and fascinating cousin. This cousin, in due time, opened to him the allurements which were scattered along the broadways of life, and invited him to walk therein. He hesitated; the teachings and prayers of a sainted mother came to his aid, and he declined. Here was a turning point in life. The two cousins travelled in different directions; one in the path of sobriety and respectability, the other in paths I need not describe.

The needed spiritual forces to meet these temptations can be

successfully invoked through the family altar. Our fathers learned to draw their strength from this source. When Solomon succeeded to the duties of his father, he said to the Lord; "I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad." It "pleased the Lord that Solomon had asked this thing." "And God said unto him, because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast thou asked riches for thyself, nor hast thou asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself *understanding to discern judgment;* behold I have done according to thy words: lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor."

Such are the blessings showered upon man, when the necessary conditions are conformed to.

There are few towns where the tone of conversation was less mixed with profane expressions. I well recollect the shock produced on hearing the first profane oath. A family had moved into this school district, and two new boys had come to school. They were not bad—except badly educated. It was natural for them to roll out oaths, as to talk. It startled and alarmed the good people of the district. They feared the demoralization of the district, and not without reason. As for myself, I wondered the earth did not open and swallow them up. It turned out, however, as the use of proper means may always do, that these boys were educated out of their profanity, instead of teaching it to others.

It should not be inferred that good influences always prevailed in the early periods of our town life. Far from it. While the predominant influences seemed to be good, there were some drawbacks. The wheat and tares grew together here, as elsewhere. Among the first difficulties, was the question of location of the meeting house. There was a Northern and Southern party. The contest, at one time, threatened to be serious. The timber for the house was carried three times by the pastor's house, and gave him much uneasiness. The matter, however, after some delay, took a favorable turn, and all was harmonized.

Within my recollection, cider distilleries abounded in the town, and sent forth their perverting influences. I can recollect when there was no less than three taverns, which in winter kept their hospitable fires and flip irons always in readiness to minister to the wants of callers. The change, however, in the "drinking usages of society," in the last fifty years, are such as to encourage the hearts of all who rejoice in human elevation.

This town can claim the credit of having furnished the instru-

ment in effecting this change. No man did more to revolutionize public opinion on this subject, than Rev. Dr. Justin Edwards, one of the most laborious and useful men that this country ever produced As agent of the American Temperance Society for 7 years, he became the active spirit and leader in the work—in short, according to his associates, "he was the pivot upon which all moved." In his day, more than 7000 societies were formed, with more than 1,200,000 members. More than 3000 distilleries were stopped; and over 7000 merchants gave up the traffic.

He was six years President of the Andover Theological Seminary, and seven years agent of the Society for Promoting the Observance of the Sabbath. He was one of the "Young Elijahs," alluded to by Rev. Dr. Griffin, who, "on the banks of the Hoosac, under the haystacks, prayed into existence the embryo of foreign missions." The New England, afterwards merged into the American Tract Society, was for several years under his principal direction. All of his aspirations and energies were devoted to the elevation of the human race. "Wisdom in council, energy in action, and humility in life," were his distinguishing qualities.

It is believed that no man in this country has done more than Dr. Edwards to create and organize those working institutions in the Church, and to invoke the presence of the Divine Spirit in them—that constitute her educational and moral forces for the evangelizing of the world.

The population of Westhampton was in 1790, 683; in 1800, 756; in 1810, 793; in 1820, 896; in 1830, 913, highest number; in 1840, 759; in 1850, 602; in 1860, 608. Population in the United States doubles every 22 years. At this rate, Westhampton should have about 6000 inhabitants. Instead of these remaining here, they are diffused throughout the country, as missionaries, it is to be hoped, of the principles in which they were educated.

Through the influence of such missionaries, the common school system of New England has been planted in all the North Western States, and in many of the other states of the Union. There are no exports so valuable, no contributions from one part of the country to another so enriching, as that of intelligent and virtuous men and women.

The small towns of New England have contributed their full share to the mental and moral forces, which shape the action of the body politic.

It is no purpose of mine to give anything like a connected narrative of events which have transpired in this town. Neither time nor the materials at my command, would admit of it. I can safely leave this to other, and more competent hands.

I rejoice in this opportunity of meeting so many of the brethren and sisters, in this, my native town. Let us render thanks to God for the blessings which he has showered upon our fathers, ourselves, and upon our children.

There were established among the Jews, in the time of Moses and the prophets, frequent feasts. The feast of the *Tabernacles* was commemorative of the Divine goodness exercised towards the Jews in their wanderings in the desert, and to return thanks to God for the fruits of earth. The feast of *Weeks*, was on the occasion of the first fruits of the wheat harvest. The feast of *Ingathering* was when they had gathered in the labors of the field.

On these occasions, it was provided that offerings should be made to the Lord. These were to be "offered willingly, and with perfect heart, as the Lord had blessed them." It was declared by the prophet that those not going up to the feast of tabernacles should receive no rain.

On an occasion so interesting and so impressive as that which has drawn us together, may we not, in humble imitation of Scripture usage, regard this as a Scriptural feast? And as such, a fitting time to renew our vows; to render our offerings to the Lord; by consecrating anew the faculties which He has given us, to continue and to perfect the work which He confided to our fathers?

POEM.

BY PROF. M. MONTAGUE.

Far wandering from our early cradle home,
The pressing fates of life had bid us roam;
Along the city's busy, crowded mart,
We had walked with true and manly heart;
In the fields of a sunset prairie land,
We had left the marks of a toiler's hand.
East, West, and North and South, our pathway led,
Where hope, betimes, a fond ambition fed,
Till other altar fires and hearth stones bright,
Had cheered us with their soft and sacred light,
Till other spots, our heart had grown to love—
Endeared homes, with many a nestling dove.

But from our cradle home, our childhood's joy,
Where bounded the feet of the growing boy—
Where the hand of our mother so gentle and mild,
In blessing was laid on the head of her child—
Where the hills and the granite stand fast,
While the years in silence go sweeping past,
Our brothers and friends invite our return,
That on the old altars new incense may burn.
And fit is the hour, most fit is the day,
When at these shrines our offerings we lay,
When gathered from far or gathered from near,
We call back the scenes by memory held dear.
Our country is rescued from treason and wrong,
And Freedom and Union and Right be our song.

Martial drums no longer beating,
Tramp of war no more is heard;
Hostile bands forget their meeting,
Once with deadly passions stirred.

Hushed the roar and storm of battle,
Calm the valley and the hill;
Clashing arms no longer rattle
While yon foemen, foemen kill.

Gentle peace around is smiling,
Sheathed for aye the blood-red sword;
Hero soldiers now are toiling,
Where the fruits of earth are stored.

Starving brothers in the prison,
Which the hand of treason reared,
From their dying death uprisen,
See the heavens of darkness cleared.

And so we meet beneath the *Stars*,
Honor'd symbol of the free,
While trampled lie rebellion's *bars*,
Foul type of slavery.

And while my muse to-day would gladly sing
Of Freedom's holy victories, or while the hill

And woods, the rocks and vales and brooks,
Would woo a song—or early household scenes,
The festive and the sad—the winter's storm,
The crackling fire, the clover-scented field—
School-day sports and school-day tasks, lend
Their inspiring presence; there comes athwart
My vision, the forms of noble men, whose words
And lives have served to fashion into
Manly stature, the growing generations
Of this goodly town. And so forgetting not
The rare delights of winter—Spring in bud
And bloom—or Summer with its toil,
Or Autumn with its bending fruit
And dress of brilliant hues, I shall
Essay to speak of men whose active work
Below, is ended—shepherds here to feed
The sheep, or lead to living fountains—
Fountains fresh of truth and knowledge.
To tell in full the story of those sainted men
Who daily walked along these beaten paths,
Who watched and prayed, and preached the simple word,
Guiding the steps of youth from error's way,
Cheering the hopes of age in life's decline,
Pointing manhood to the richer treasure
Of that vast inheritance in light above—
Humble, patient, trustful in the promise
That the weeping sower in joy should reap
The richly freighted harvest in its time—
For abler pens than mine, the work shall wait.
Mine be it, but in outline rude, to sketch
Where master hands might paint the glowing life.

Adown the years that mark the opening dawn
Of that on-coming day, that filled these hills
And vales with active life, when holy love
Its torch first lit among these ancient dwellings,
Where our fathers made their homes and died—
At the very threshold of the town's existence,
Came the youthful HALE—shepherd of the sheep.
With cultured mind, his soul with truth imbued,
He sought his Master's work in this new field,
His work for life—this people his, till death.
Unlike to these degenerate days of ours,
When pastors come and go, as come and go
The rapid years. Or if some *silver* bell,
Perchance, in clearer tones, its call shall give,
Straightway feel an urgent sense of duty,
To use their talents for the greater good,
And in some *larger* field to show the world,
That *able Shepherds, able flocks* must have.

And here among these early years,
The goodly seed was sown. Through Summer's heat
And Winter's cold, the master's work was wrought;
And many were the golden sheaves that here
The reaper bound for the heavenly garner.
No harsh complaints were made of guilty Achans,
If the gracious Spirit long delayed its showers.
The truth was uttered with a simple faith,
And left to Him who gives the timely rain.
This was the golden age of sovereign grace.
Alas! perchance ye dawl in human mortar,
Who look to see the temple rise within a day.
No easy ways, invented then, had come,
To pour their grateful benisons, on those
Who needed milk. But the solid meat

Was given by which the man is made to grow.
No Sunday Schools—
Heaven bless their use when used aright—
Alas! too often true, *new modes* to idols turn,
And lesser means are seen to thrust aside
The chief. No Sunday Schools importance bore
Above the preached word. Nor books
To tell of fancied angels, in the garb
Of sweet-voiced girls and loved and loving boys,
Who went to sleep so early in this night of life.
Or larger work, in which a *grain* of truth,
So thinly beat, with ease, was made *to lie*
On ten score pages, more or less. Nor novels—
Name profane—in Christian dress, so neat,
Could cheat the senses of the soul and turn
To highly seasoned food, most rankest poison—
Poison, if perchance, the christen'd name were wanting.
O wondrous alchemy! hidden in a name,
Transmuting trash to healthful Christian food.
No days, like these, were then. But the substance,
The Primer was a royal book for all,
And Watts' Psalms and all the Shorter Catechism,
And well digested sermons, from the pens
Of careful thinkers—giants in their time.
In truth, these were the days to work and wait.
And so this faithful man was wont to toil,
Preaching the word and by example guiding,
Reverenced by the young, honored by the old—
The teacher, guide and counsellor of all.

Around his feet the young men gathered,
While his lips discoursed of Grecian story,
Or made the Roman forms with life to breathe,
Kindled, quickened by his student mind,
Up the higher heights of knowledge many climbed,
To pluck the wreaths of honor, and in turn,
To send their influence down in good for others.
And if like him, whose honored name he bore,
He walked with God, with God communion held,
No early fate's translating power, e'er came
To wing him for celestial realms. But long
Among these roughened paths he trod and toiled,
Till the iron frame was bent and his scattered locks
Were like the driven snow, and with tottering limbs
He came to lay him down to sleep among
The people of his early love. Here rest.
For two score years and ten, the word
Was preached. Glad promise, invitation sweet,
The Law's stern claims and His atoning grace
That spans the heavens with Hope's inspiring brow—
This thy work, sainted leader of the flock.
And while around thy setting sun, were seen
The leaden clouds to gather, far beyond
Thy light shall shine, dimless on the nether shore.

And now my vision is somewhat clouded,
The sky is o'erspread, and the air is rent
With the turbulent conflicts of passion.
Let us pass over a full half score years—
Perchance it is more, it matters not much,
Years fruitful of good for that glad bright morn,
Born of it a night of darkness and storm.
CHAPIN and DRURY and TRUAIR, this day
Are living in those whose hearts felt the touch
Of that all quickening Spirit, sent to bless
The word by faithful messengers proclaimed.

Each able, earnest, zealous for the truth—
These, firm standing by the old landmarks,
Planted long by custom and tradition—
He, the grand disturbing force, resolute
And fearless, and defiant of all forms,
That cramp the soul in its high search for good,
Or dwarf it to a pigmy stature:—
Perchance e'en reckless of those golden tablets
Where Jehovah wrote his Law, while he fain
Rebukes the cursed sin of mammon worship;—
Their's, a Pulpit and a House, divinely
Consecrate to the holy ministries of love,—
His, a chapel rude, and desk uncomely,
Where the anointing oil from priestly hands,
In order's true succession, ne'er had dripped—
No more, my muse, to-day. Draw down the veil,
And shut without the noisy battle ground.
Ah! long those years, when by these sacred altars,
Peace stood with folded wing and tearful eye.

But on my vision now, a nob'ler sight,
Beneath the verdant sods, where the willows
Bending low, drop their dewey tears at morn,
Peaceful sleep those toil worn brothers.
Blinded here by the gossamer films
Of Prejudice—there light divine is shed
And every dimmed eye is made to see,
By the potent power of holy love.
Discordant here, nor understood, champions
For what each deemed as right—lo! there they stand
Amid the welcomes of that marshalled throng,
Who fought the goodly fight of faith on Earth;
And, drinking in the harmonies of heaven.
They honor Him who sends the storm to give
A calmer day.

And now
The clearer, calmer, brighter day had come.
In the early spring time, when the flowers
Are fresh, and all the land in beauty sleeps,
Came another youthful Shepherd, with his young
And blooming bride—came, a gift from heaven.
Ready, open, stood all hearts to meet him.
With a rare and glowing eloquence he preached
The gracious love of God to sinful men.
Gentle were his tones. But the kindling eye
Spoke the deep, earnest heart-throbs of a soul
That sought the rich reward of those who turn
To righteousness the erring multitude.
Around him breathed the atmosphere of love.
With a wisdom e'en such as honors age,
He knew the words to speak, and when, and where.
Sweetly tender, when the hand of sorrow
Brought its chalice to the lips of any,
He won all hearts by the mystic chord
Of sympathy; and in their heart of hearts
The stricken mourner, shrined a friend.
And so his presence was a living joy
In every household, where the sufferer dwelt.
Nay more. In all these homes, or high or low,
The faithful Pastor was the welcome guest
Ten years! *Ah! rapid spin the Fate, oftimes,*
For those whose lives on earth are beautiful.
Ten years! And though the simple stone is reared,
For him that sleepeth—though art not dead to-day,
My brother, friend, our own beloved COGGIN.
The echo of thy gentle voice is heard
Within this temple gate. And the memory

Of thy sweet life, e'en down to other years,
Shall sure, a richly freighted blessing bear.
Sleep, gentle pair, among your chosen flock.
What, though your rising sun e'er noon went down.
The night is *ours*—resplendant day is *yours*,
And as we stand beside thy early grave,
Thy calm, benignant face, and hers,
The partner of thy toils and hopes, impart
A fruitful lesson—tell us how sacred
Is the union that binds the faithful teacher
To his flock, that from his words, instruction
Drink, and by these words, in virtue grow.
And though in higher spheres the Master plans
Thy present work, the seed that thou didst sow
In human hearts is bearing precious fruit,
An hundred fold.

Of living teachers who the word have spoken,
Through the years since then and now, pass we by.
For their zeal and love and honest labor,
When they toil on earth no longer, shall find
Beyond, that here they did not toil for naught.

But now there comes
To move my pen, thoughts of one other form—
Too soon, for us who linger here, removed. His,
Was a sacred office, high and holy.
Though the vestments of priestly order
Proclaimed his separation for the altars
Of the temple, yet his was a service
Whose results e'en now, are felt like living springs
Amid the arid sands. To-day he lives,
Though numbered long among the sainted dead.
Modest and shrinking from the gaze of men,
He loved retirement. Books were daily food.
In the love of study, study had no task,
And by patient toil, his mind was rich
In stores of knowledge. The slender casket
That bore a jewel of such worth, ofttimes,
Seemed yielding. And the gloom of a dark night
Pressed down his spirit. And those golden heights,
Which once he hoped to reach, and the arena
Of the college, where he fain would wrestle,
Dear like the heart's life, were relinquished all.
Yet so was study not relinquished.
His was an ambition that lives and grows
Without applause. To know what lies beyond,
His noble aim. And so he wrought among
His books; and little known the while, grew
An earnest scholar. Accurate in forms,
In method clear,—with a culture true as rare,—
With a diffidence that made no bold pretense,—
Precise in all the movements of the body,
In the neatness of his person, unexcelled,
The example of his daily maxim—
"A place for everything, and every thing in place,"
He came to be our teacher, and our guide
In the road to knowledge. And he led us,
Straightway, to the inviting fields, where his feet
Had often strayed, and to perennial springs,
Where his thirsting soul had often drunk.
Gentle, faithful DICKINSON. Affection
Weaves to-day a garland for thy memory.
And while now on the summit of life's pathway,
We look back along the vanished years,
We see, not dimly, how the influence

Of thy enkindled mind, at every stage,
Has met us; and we have ever toiled
With fresher courage for noble lessons
Taught to us from thine inspiring lips.
Such lives, such teachers never die. They live,
Though the mound has disappeared, and the moss
Has thick o'ergrown the name once chisseled
On the slab. They live, the germs of other lives.
They live—live woven in the very texture
Of the souls they helped to form. Thou livest;
And thy teaching work shall be complete
When all thy pupils' pupils, theirs shall end.

And in these meagre tributes to departed worth,
One other name shall be embalmed. A name,
That well may stand among the honored worthies.
His was not the tongue of eloquence,
Nor was the gift of ease and grace, bestowed
In rare abundance. But in all the pulpits
Of this favored region, scarce were found those
Whose pens were abler, and whose thoughts could stand
The test of a sterner logic. He wrote
With an elegance of style and fitness
Of expression that charmed the cultured ear,
And with a clearness all could comprehend.
He followed in no beaten track. He said
What he himself had seen—what he had read
In the clear reasonings of an earnest mind.
Not always valued for his real worth,
His spirit bore no bitterness to any.
His master's work was his. No toil was shunned,
That honor to redeeming grace should bring.
Within his chosen fields, he labored on
With an ardor that tired not till the end
Had come. And that waiting soul looked out
With yearnings unutterable, to see
The breaking dawn of that long promised day,
When Judah's King should come to reign among
His ransomed people; and the glorious throne
Should here on earth be built, and in the hands
Of Him whose blood once rent the temple veil,
No *symbol* sceptre should be swayed.
E'er this, *may be*, he reads the unclasped scroll
With clearer eye; and from those ancient
Hebrew seers, gains a truer, broader view
Of that all conquering Power, which to his feet
Shall bring rebellious nations, and send
The choral sound of Peace o'er all the earth.
Till his work was done he faltered not.
But now he needed rest. And where, for this
A fitter place, than by his mother's side,
And in the shadows of those beetling hills,
Where childhood played. And so he came to rest.
Ah, yes. Our brother JUDD has found his blessed rest.
His life was gentle as some peaceful river,
Fed by living springs, on whose banks are seen
Perpetual verdure and ever blooming flowers—
Where the trees that fleck the placid waters
With their shifting shadows, are filled
With woodland music.

In the ocean wide
The stream is lost. No, not wholly lost.
As the sun's attractive power weds
The ocean to the cloud, which breaks in blessings
On the land; so the influence of thy pure life,

Shall, like the showers, bestow its hidden wealth
On weary travelers, in life's desert road.
Nor these alone, who lead the way to truth
And knowledge, in our hearts shall live,
But highest honor will he ever give
To those brave hearted men—to each, to all,
Who battled with these rugged hills—who fought
The stones and rocks—the forests thick and wild—
Who DARED to make a home in such a spot;
Aye, more—who made a temple in each home.
Yes, all honor to those early fathers, who sent
The restless vigor of their own strong life
To course the veins of later generations.

And now, I muse along these time worn paths,
And wander o'er these rocky, native hills,
In search of homes, that erst in childhood's dawn,
With mirth and song and love and loving hearts,
Were filled. I search among decaying ruins.
The moss grown well is choked with hated weeds.
The orchard, hung with luscious fruit, is dead.
The flowers that bloomed around the doors,
And where the bee its honey sipped, are gone.
The garden, where the sisters played, and where
They wove bright garlands for some May day morn,
Is platted thick with grass and tangled briars.
And all those forms that gave to home its bliss,
Have vanished, gathered one by one, to sleep
In dust, with generations gone before.

And then—oh wanton desecration,
As of walking on some new made grave—
The nibbling sheep and browsing ox
Are treading on that sacred spot, where
First for me the gates of life were open thrown,
Where mothers blessed full many a natal hour—
Where the merry song, or the heart's deep,
Muffled wail, so oft were heard—
These to speak the bridal, *those* the burial days.
But o'er these perished homes I may not grieve—
These ruins, as with index finger,
Point to newer, fresher forms of life;
And other homes of love, where the bloom,
And fragrance of the flowers still live,
Decaying, changing, growing. Such is life.
Those early fathers and those blessed mothers,
Come not here to-day. Their house no longer stands.
They have not heard the call that summons
Their children from far and near, to meet
In this glad *reunion*. And yet they live,
And wait the ushering of that other day,
When the portals of yon silent city
Shall be unlocked by angel hands,
When all the ruins of this mortal life,
Built up, shall stand amid the freshness
And beauty of the immortal,
In the ever blessed Reunions of Heaven.

Home of our childhood, home of our youth,
Live on. We will love thee, and think of thee
In our other homes—
And from thine inspiring presence, will draw
A fresher courage for our toilsome road.

So a blessing, ever resting,
Be thine alway;
Then that meeting, joyful greeting,
In yon bright day.

THE DINNER.

At the close of the exercises in the church, the audience and others, numbering about six hundred guests, repaired to the Pavilion, which had been extemporized for the purpose, and sat down to a bountiful collation prepared by the citizens of the town. The Pavilion was tastefully decorated with evergreens, wrought into wreaths, festoons, &c., and on the front was displayed in large capitals the warm invitation,

"WELCOME HOME."

Ezra Munson Kingsley, Esq., of New York, presided at the tables with his accustomed urbanity and grace, and by his appropriate introduction of the speakers imparted great additional interest to the occasion. "The feast of reason and the flow of soul" were commenced by the President with the following

ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Happy indeed must be the individual to-day, in whose mind originated the felicitous thought which has culminated in the scenes and festivities of this hour.

From divers pursuits and from widely scattered homes, responsive to her call, we have come to pay our glad tribute of affection to "the mother of us all."

We are assembled on this bright morning of the young Autumn, beneath these our native skies, to hallow the memories of loved ones whose faces we shall see on earth no more; to revive and perpetuate the acquaintances and friendships of our early years, and at these ancestral fountains to fill again our cup of social joy.

It is fitting, on such an occasion, that we devoutly recognize the Divine Being, whose kind hand has sustained and brought us hitherto, and humbly invoke His blessing.

He then requested the Rev. George Lyman of Sutton, to lead in this act of devotion.

The collation was sumptuous; and after the long session in the church, the President suggested that certain "internal im-

provements" had become a matter of urgent necessity, and to them he desired the guests to give their immediate and undivided attention.

After the banquet was over, the President proceeded, with due deliberation as to the consequences, to "uncork the natives."

Rev. Tertius S. Clarke, D. D., of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, was first called up.

He had a story to tell. When he was a boy in Westhampton, he, like all the other lads, was profoundly impressed by the great head of Squire Judd. The Squire was the maker and expounder of the common law in the town, and many looked up to him with the greatest veneration and awe. An incident occurred in the old meeting house. Tythingmen had been appointed to keep the boys in order in the galleries. On one occasion, his strong propensity to laugh came very near plunging him into the deepest disgrace and ruin. One of the tythingmen sported a large bandanna handkerchief, which he used to pull from his pocket on blowing his nose, which he did very frequently, and with a loud noise. One of the boys, observing this frequent use of the immense "wiper," and wishing to have a little sport even in "meeting time," brought a pint of beans, and poured them into the man's pocket, on the top of the handkerchief, one end of which was hanging outside. The explosion soon occurred. The bandanna was suddenly pulled, the beans flew in all directions, and the church was thrown into great commotion. The boy who put the beans into the pocket maintained the most imperturable gravity, while the boy Tertius burst out into a shout of laughter, being utterly unable to "hold in." The tythingman soon appeared and arrested the laughing lad, as the author of all the mischief. He was taken before Squire Judd, in a state of awful fear and trembling. Most unexpectedly his life was spared, and he was let off with a reprimand never to do so again. He promised he would not, provided *the boys did not bring any more beans.*

He also spoke of the prayers he used to hear, which were often an hour in length, and though he was tired out and out again, he had the deepest respect for the veteran christians of those bygone days.

This called the President to his feet. He could no more "hold in" than the youthful Tertius, and he must "tell a story," too. In those good old times, he said, the schools were always opened with prayer, and the masters had to "watch" as well as "pray." On one occasion, while the prayer was being made, an undevout boy was in the act of making some disturbance. The master

stopped his prayer, caught the boy by the collar, brought him into the middle of the room, gave him a good sound flogging, and then resumed his praying where he left off!

Zenas M. Phelps, Esq., of Riverdale, N. Y., was next introduced, and said:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Public speaking is no part of my profession, and I know not that I can say any thing of interest on this occasion. Much has been well said in the historical address to which we have listened, and in the beautiful and touching poem by Prof. Montague; and for myself, I feel much obliged to our learned friends for their productions, which I hope will be printed and handed down for the instruction of posterity.

In tracing back the family to which I belong, through more than seven generations, so far as I have ascertained, no one of them has been convicted of horse-stealing, of treason, or murder; no one has been a tory, a rebel, or a copperhead. I am happy to say that it has been an honest, industrious, peaceable family; generally intelligent, thoughtful and religious; true to its own convictions of truth and duty, and always on the side of liberty and law, both in the church and in the state.

My grandfather, Timothy Phelps, settled in this town in 1775, and shared in its privations, hardships and dangers. At first, he made this place his summer residence, coming out from Northampton early in the spring, and returning late in the fall through fear of the Indians, and various wild beasts. I have often heard my grandmother say that she came from Northampton, with her infant son Timothy and a calf on the same sled, while the cow was tied to a stake behind the sled, drawn by a yoke of oxen.

My grandfather was a soldier in the war of the Revolution, and took part in putting down the Shays rebellion. My grandmother was a very religious woman, and sometimes had charge of us boys on Sundays, and did what she could to keep us quiet and good. She told us scripture stories and taught us Watt's Psalms and Hymns, and the Catechism. She frequently told us of the two she bears that tore forty-two children, in the days of Elisha, and easily made us believe that there were two more, in the woods back of the house, that would tear us, if we played, Sunday. I was for a long time afraid of those two bears, and kept pretty quiet Sundays, I suppose; but as my mind became more mature, and the woods were cleared up and light let in on the subject, the fear of the bears, *and of many other dreadful things*, gradually died away.

She had a way in which to encourage us to read the New Testament, which I mention for the benefit of other grandmoth-

ers who stay at home with their grandchildren. In case we read two chapters well in the New Testament, she would allow us to read one story in her large Bible in the Apocrypha. In this way, while yet boys, in addition to our knowledge of the New Testament, we learned about Tobit the son of Tobiel; of Judith of "goodly countenance and very beautiful to behold;" of Baruch and Susanna; of Bel and the Dragon, and of the heroic Maccabees. Although she was very religious and circumspect in her ways, she never attained to the assurance of faith, till a short time before her death. Then she had no more doubts, and was bright and beautiful, and she gently passed away in the full confidence of a glorious immortality.

Jonathan Phelps, the son of my uncle Timothy, was the father of a son who became a martyr in the cause of liberty. Jonathan Walker Phelps, inspired by a love of liberty, enrolled himself among the patriots of his country, and sacrificed his life in putting down the late most wicked rebellion, and upholding the most beneficent government the sun ever shone upon. He fell in the darkest and most gloomy days of the Republic, pouring out his youthful blood for his country, as Webster says of Dr. Warren, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage. Noble, youthful hero! He fell too soon for his family—too soon for glory; but not too soon for his country. She required costly sacrifices, and he gave her his all. Thy memory shall remain fresh in our hearts, and thy noble example shall be handed down in the family as a rich legacy of patriotism and devotion.

My father settled here on the old homestead, and engaged in agricultural pursuits. During the winter months he often taught school, and always with success. But circumstances overruled his inclinations, and compelled him to engage in pursuits for which he had little aptitude, and less disposition. In religion, he was a moderate Calvinist; in the state, a Whig. Our mother survived him many years, to instruct us by her counsels, and to enrich us by her life.

Five of their eight children remain, and are here to-day to participate in this grand Reunion—in these sad and joyful memories. Here was our early *home*. Here our thoughts delight to linger, and around this spot cluster many dear and sacred associations and memories. We love to come here, and go over the scenes of other days. We are not ashamed of our old native town, and we mean so to live that she shall not be ashamed of us. She has a noble record, and may safely challenge comparison with any other town of her size, in industry, intelligence, patriotism and religion. She has always been true to the great cause of civil and religious liberty, and has steadfastly believed and fully vindicated the doctrine of a "church without a bishop, and a state without a king."

In the late dreadful conflict of principles and of arms, she was not wanting in duty and devotion to the Republic, and in the great work of Reconstruction, she will not abandon the great principles for which she fought, nor her tried and faithful allies in the South, to follow the counsels of a man who is making *Union odious and Rebellion honorable;* who promised to be the Moses of the Freedmen, but who is fast becoming the old Pharoah of Egypt. No, my fellow townsmen. Stand fast by the loyal, Union men of the country. Let not the government be reconstructed in the interests of treason and rebellion, of barbarism and slavery; but in the interests of loyalty and constitutional liberty; of universal education and impartial suffrage, and equal rights to all; on the hard and solid basis of justice, of humanity, and of God. This accomplished, we shall be prepared for the mission which Divine Providence is opening upon us, and the Great Republic, disenthralled and regenerated, inspired and guided by the spirit and principles of Christianity, shall move forward in the path of true glory and the grandest. noblest achievements.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Otis Clapp, Esq., said some of us would like to hear from the gentleman who first suggested the idea of this Reunion, Rev. George Lyman. Mr. Lyman responded, in substance, as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—As the gentleman who has called me up, has given me the credit of suggesting the idea of this meeting, you will permit me to say a few words by way of explanation. Some time since, in a conversation with my friend who has the honor of presiding on this occasion, held at his store in the city of New York, I suggested to him such a meeting as this. He entered into it at once, with his characteristic ardor. But, for reasons which need not be mentioned here, the project failed at that time.

A little more than a year ago, on my way to Saratoga, I fell in with my friend Rev. L. F. Clark, and with Mr. Clapp, whom I had not seen for many years, both of whom had just come from a visit to Westhampton. Conversation turning on the good old town, the idea of a meeting of this kind was again suggested, and became a subject of remark. A day or two after, as we met at Saratoga, Mr. Clapp said to me that he had been thinking a good deal on the subject of our previous conversation, and thought the project might be carried into effect. After his return to Boston, he commenced a correspondence on the subject. And his persistent efforts, under some discourage-

ments, were at length crowned with success. Though the idea of this Reunion may have been first suggested by me, the credit of carrying it into execution belongs to Mr. Clapp himself, rather than to me. "Honor to whom honor is due." Thus much as to the origin of this Reunion.

This, sir, is a memorable day to us, who are here assembled, and to all the people of this town. We, who have gone out from here, have come up to our Jerusalem, our holy mother, our alma mater, as much so as the college is the alma mater of the student—to our old hearth-stones and altars of worship, and to the graves of our fathers, to exchange greetings with each other, to renew the memories of other days, and to rekindle the fires of filial devotion. We have come, some of us, with our wives and children, as the tribes of Israel went up to their Jerusalem. We would teach our children to love the birthplace of their fathers and mothers. We have come with somewhat of that reverent and holy love, with which the pious Israelites went up to their Zion, on their great festal days. Though this large assembly is made up of many families and parts of families, coming from various places and from different directions, from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, yet we meet here as one family, children of one mother, around these tables which she has bountifully spread for us. And here, in this family meeting around our mother's table, we may talk freely and familiarly together on matters and things in which we have a common interest. Outsiders, who are not of the family, may listen, but may not criticise.

Well then, after these preliminary remarks, I begin, as lovers are expected to do, by *declaring* my love for this my native town, and your native town. I could not respect myself if I did not love the mother that gave me birth, and nourished my infancy and childhood. I love these rugged hills and mountains, these woods and granite rocks, and these pure, sparkling streams. And, in saying this, I utter the common sentiment and feeling of all true and worthy sons and daughters of the town.

One of the most distinguished sons of this town, as a literary man, the late Rev. Sylvester Judd, author of "Margaret," and other works of fiction of acknowledged ability, whose home, after his ninth year, was in Northampton, once wrote to a friend as follows:—"I always loved Westhampton. All my youth centres there. Northampton is nothing to me. I seem never to have lived there. In Westhampton I did live. I could die there." This extract is preserved in his published "Life and Character," written by Miss Arethusa Hall. My heart responds, and your hearts, I doubt not, respond to these sentiments.

I have reason to love Westhampton. It is not only *my* birth-

place and the birthplace of my wife, but the birthplace of my parents and her parents also. And there, in yonder churchyard, they all lie, with our grand-parents also, on both sides, along with other kindred and friends, and school mates not a few. And there, too, are three little graves, dearer than all others.

"Seven are we;"
"Three of us in the church-yard lie,"
And four are present here.

There is not, in the wide world, a spot so dear to me as this, which holds the precious dust of so many loved ones.

A thousand *pleasant* as well as sad recollections cluster around this home of our childhood, and endear it to us. They come up before me to-day, crowding full the chambers of memory.

The old school house yonder, now converted into a store, how many memories gather around it; the teachers with their various modes of discipline and ingenious punishments; and the schoolmates and classmates, too, sitting with folded hands, on the straight-backed benches; and the boyish sports at "play-time" and "noon-time," hide-and-seek around the old meeting house, and in the horse sheds, and the mimic training and sham fights, with dry mullein stalks for guns. The militia trainings, too, with the wrestling matches and ball games on the very spot covered by this Pavilion; and, last but not least, the Thanksgiving festival, the great feast of the year, with its happy family gatherings at the old homestead, and the social cheer, and the elaborate dinner of roast beef and pork, and turkeys and chicken pie, and pumpkin pie, and plumb pudding, ending—in the days before the temperance reform—with the mug of flip, and followed with the family prayer, offered by the venerable patriarch of the family; with the turkey shootings, the day before and the day after Thanksgiving, at Norton's tavern; and the sleigh rides, and evening parties and plays—all these pleasant memories abide with us in all our wanderings, and come back with us to-day, with renewed freshness, gladdening our hearts, and shedding light and beauty over these rock-bound hills, and these humble dwellings.

"Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken."

The fathers, too, of the olden time—we cannot forget them to-day; those good men and true, Deacon Edwards, Major Fish-

er, Capt. Lyman, Capt. Cook, Mr. Wales, and others, who used to meet, some of them with their wives, at my grandfather Judd's, on Sunday noons, and talk of the weather, the births and deaths and marriages, of nothing more secular, and discuss the sermon over their nutcakes and cheese, and their tobacco pipes from the old red basket, which it was my duty to bring forth and set before them. These men were men of God, men of faith and prayer, who loved the house of God, from which rain and snow and wind seldom detained them. I remember, at one of the Sunday noon meetings of which I have spoken, hearing Deacon Edwards say, when speaking of his having been kept from church the Sabbath previous by snow drifts, which it was found impossible to break through, that he had been absent from church but once before for more than twenty years. I used to look upon him and upon others of those good old men, with profound veneration and awe. Deacon Edwards was one of the politest men I ever knew. He used to bow very gracefully to everybody whom he met, children as well others. Indeed, in point of manners, those times were better than these. Boys then were *taught* manners, and were accustomed to take off their hats and bow to their elders when they passed them in the streets; and on going out of the school house, at the close of the school, we always turned square round and made our bow to the teacher.

It is sometimes said that the Puritan faith of our fathers was a sad faith, and tended to make them unsocial and gloomy. But these men were neither unsocial nor gloomy. They were thoughtful, serious men; but at the same time were social, cheerful, genial. So they appeared to me. I was never repelled from them, but was rather drawn to them, and I used to listen to their cheerful and sometimes witty and humorous conversation. with wonder and delight.

The three leading men in the town, for nearly or quite half a century, were Parson Hale, Dr. Hooker and Squire Judd—the parson, the doctor and the squire—the first a minister, and both the others sons of ministers. To the latter, Sylvester Judd, Esq., my maternal grandfather, it may not be improper for me, on this occasion, designed in part to commemorate the fathers of the town, to pay a passing tribute of respect. I knew him well. After the death of his wife, in 1821, and his removal to the house built by him for his son, Sylvester Judd, jr., and now occupied by Mr. Anson Chapman, in the centre of the town, my mother, then a widow, came to reside with him.

From that time until his death in 1832, for a period of more than ten years, his house was my home, and he stood to me in the place of a father.

He was the first justice of the peace in the town, and repre-

sented the town for many years in the General Court, and was a member of the convention that met in 1779, to form a State Constitution. He was a good man, and an honorable man, of sterling integrity, and a firm friend of law and order. The son of a clergyman, Rev. Jonathan Judd, the first minister of Southampton, and trained under the careful and somewhat severe discipline practiced in ministers' families in those days, he was a man of deep religious principles, decidedly evangelical in his views of doctrine, and of sincere and exemplary but not demonstrative piety, adhering firmly to his convictions of truth and duty, whatever others might do.

In his manners and general bearing, he was a gentleman of the old school. Tall and portly, of dignified and commanding presence and somewhat stern, he was indeed, as Dr. Clarke has said, a terror to evil doers and roguish boys. And yet he was courteous and kind. To his minister, Parson Hale, of whom he was always a fast friend, he was uniformly respectful and deferential, not forgetting to send him portions of the fattest of his herds and flocks. He was a noble man, and every year increases my veneration of his character. In some points of character and habits, he might have sat for the charming life-like picture which Dr. Holland has drawn of old Daniel Gray. In his family prayers which were long, and always offered in a standing posture, among other "old fashioned words and phrases," and "sacred texts" which have fixed themselves in my memory, were the familiar words, "whom to know aright is life eternal." It may not be creditable to my understanding, but I used to wonder in my boyhood, who that Noah Wright—"know aright"—was, whose name was always introduced into the family prayer, and whose title to eternal life was secured. Venerable man!

> "I see him now—his face and form and motions,
> Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair;
> I can remember how the sentence sounded,
> 'Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint;'
> And how 'the conquering and to conquer' rounded
> The loftier aspirations of the saint."

And I may add these words of confident hope in respect to him:

> "If ever I shall win the home in heaven,
> For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
> In the great company of the forgiven,
> I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray."

The amusing incidents related by Mr. Lyman moved Rev. T. S. Clarke to tell another "little story." When he was a boy, he said, there was only one democrat in Westhampton. He had heard so much of the exceeding wickedness of the democrats, that he regarded them with a feeling of horror. He had a strong

desire to see one. At length his curosity became so intense, that he besought his father to let him go to the town meeting, that he might behold a real, live democrat, for democrats always attend town meetings, and especially if it rains. He went—he saw—when lo! and behold, the democrat did not look like Beelzebub, had neither hoofs, horns nor tail, nor went on all fours, but appeared like a human being!

C. P. Judd, Esq., of Boston, being called up, addressed the assembly in the following terms:

Mr. President:—It has been said that Westhampton is a good place to move away from; and true it is that many persons have moved out of this town in times past. But I am always pleased to come here. I like to return to these hill tops and farm houses. They have a charm for me which neither time nor distance destroys. And to-day as I look forth upon the beautiful scenery spread out before us, and as I recall the events by which this town has been led onwards, I cannot think it will ever be deserted or abandoned. I believe the town has still a history before it, even more wonderful and interesting than its past history. The good seed sown here by our fathers will not be lost; in the storehouse of the future its fruits will be largely developed.

Westhampton is said by some to be a dry old town, gone to seed, without any new life or enterprise, or go-ahead in it. But this is not so. This town is the leader in, if not the mother of some of the great projects which now agitate the public mind. We now hear a great deal about woman's rights, of her right to vote and hold office, and this idea is presented as a great novelty. Why, sir, years ago, some of the people of this town voted for my good aunt, Hannah Lyman, for the office of selectman, and they could not have voted for a better *man*. For if she had been elected, she, with her energy and habits of business, would have made the folks toe the mark, and no mistake. Again, we hear about the bloomer dress as a new notion, as something discovered by the reformers of our day. But, sir, the best bloomer dress ever invented was worn by our good grandmothers long before the present agitators were born. Our foremothers both *made* and *wore* the real article, warm, loose, comfortable, healthy; and also a dress in which they could jump over a fence or stonewall, without catching upon or being hung by the bags which fall down, like tag-locks, in the modern dress.

Again, sir, the town has had in it some persons supposed to be skilled in the divining properties of the witch-hazel and sweet apple tree bush. Once upon a time, one of these rod-diviners came into the store of Mr. S. Judd, jr., claiming before a crowd

that he could tell the precise spot where the money drawer was, if there was any money in it, by the motion of a sprig of witch-hazel. Mr. Judd urged him to try his skill; and out of the door the diviner goes, after a rod of witch-hazel. While he was out, Mr. Judd slyly moved the money drawer from the west side of the store, where it had always been kept, over to a new place on the east side of the building, and there hid it under the counter. Soon the man came into the store with his crotched stick, and began his operations. Holding the rod tight in his two hands, he moved slowly round and round in the space between the two counters, walking carefully and gravely step by step, and stopping frequently to catch the first symptom of any motion in the rod. The spectators were still as the grave, not a word said lest the charm should be broken. Finally, the diviner came to the spot front of the counter, behind which the drawer had always been kept. Here he balanced backwards and forwards, going a little to one side and then to the other, until after several vibrations, he came to a stand-still right in front of the place where the drawer used to be. Stopping a moment to feel the pulsations of the rod as it bends forward; "there," he cries out, pointing the twig to the old spot, "there is the money, see how the rod moves." A loud ring of laughter was poured out upon the magician and sore was his discomfiture, when Mr. Judd took the money-drawer up from the place hid directly opposite to the spot pointed out by the pretended diviner.

It is jocosely remarked, that the town is growing down into a sheep pasture. But, fellow townsmen, let not your hearts be troubled; there is no danger that it will become a wilderness again. The people of this town have been in former days, and are to-day, a power in the world. Go on, then, in the good old ways trodden by your fathers; keep up your schools, and your church, preserve your simple habits, live together united as a band of brethren; and, depend upon it, these hills will continue to flourish with a busy and noble population. The springs of health are all around and within your borders; the very air teems with the elixir of life. Standing here on these elevations you can see the dense fogs which settle down upon the rich valley of the Connecticut, covering the towns with mist. For several years past the inhabitants of the old mother town have felt the danger and the growing evils caused by the dampness of their river situation, and some of them have annually retired with their families to the back towns, for the purpose of restoring their health and vigor, by breathing the bracing and dry air of the hills. They must continue to seek retreats from the mildews surrounding them; and what situation for this purpose holds out so many inducements as the hill tops and valleys of this good town? Pardon me, Mr. President, for having taken up so much of the time on this ever-to-be-remembered day.

Rev. Osman A. Lyman, Preacher to the Lane Seminary, Ohio, referred to his early associations about the fearful heights of "Pisgah." He had not the honor, exactly, of being a son of Westhampton, but this was the birthplace of his father and mother, of revered memory. He alluded in eloquent terms to the character of his ancestors here, as men of principle, intelligent, God-fearing men. He was thankful that his parents were born and reared in the midst of such hallowed influences, for to them he owed whatever aspirations for usefulness in the world he had felt himself. The sons and daughters of Westhampton could in no way so well show their gratitude to their godly parentage, as by spreading through the country and the world the knowledge of those great religious principles, which were their joy in life, and their hope of immortality.

Rev. J. L. Clark, D. D., of Waterbury, Connecticut, said:

He had heard grave doubts expressed since he arrived in this his native town, whether the citizens would be able to feed so great a multitude as were assembled here to-day.

He was sure that a glance at the tables now that we have all received a full supply, would satisfy any one that had we brought all our children with us, we should not have been able to exhaust the ability or the hospitality of our friends here at home.

The speaker could think of nothing to be added to make this a most happy reunion of citizens, unless some sign could have been suggested, by which those who were very intimate friends once, might recognize each other after a separation of forty or fifty years. He left his home here forty-three years ago, and he had met many here to-day whom he had not seen since. He had been very much embarrassed, as he perceived they were, each waiting for the other's advance to be sure of no mistake.

Ah! Mr. Chairman, the lapse of years has changed our countenances, but it has not chilled our hearts. And yet we cannot, in a few burdened hours, show each other how we remember our companions in childish sports, or our early teachers in useful knowledge. I recognize here present one of my early teachers, the Rev. Dorus Clarke, to whom I have always felt I owed a large debt of gratitude. He was my schoolmaster, against whom I once bravely ventured to oppose my will, and soon found that the way of safety as well as of wisdom was to submit. As I have not had an opportunity before, I will avail myself of this, to return to my former master my sincere thanks for his kind fidelity.

Many years ago, perhaps twenty-five, I saw advertised a volume of "Lectures to Young Men," published by that gentle-

man. I took the earliest opportunity to get it, and have read it with deep interest and much instruction. Permit me, Mr. Chairman, to commend that volume to the young here present. You will find there a lecture on the "Importance of Established and Correct Religious Principles Early in Life." You will see there in what gloom and horror, the most distinguished infidels have been compelled to leave the world and enter eternity. Voltaire, one of the greatest champions of which infidelity could boast in the last century, was made an infidel for life, he says, by committing to memory, when eight years of age, a deistical pamphlet which was put into his hands.

Much of the popular literature of the present day, though not so bold in attacks upon revealed truth as that of fifty to eighty years ago, is even more dangerous, because the poison is more insidious and more generally diffused. It comes in the shape of periodicals as well as books, such as monthly and quarterly magazines, with too often the tacit endorsement of the good, by being found on their tables. Youth and even children will inhale the poison. Its authors may have highly cultivated minds, but they have unhumbled hearts. They may have taste and imagination which will attract, and entertain, and instruct for this world, but here their ability as teachers ends, for they have never spent a day, earnestly preparing their own souls for the life to come. A life of faith here, such faith as works by love and overcomes the world, is the hate and scorn of these teachers.

Books were few in number, Mr. Chairman, in our homes when we were children. But they were such books as Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," "Life of Rev. Henry Martyn," of "Harriet Newell," and that monthly journal of the missionaries who left this country in 1812 and 1814, and onward, under the American Board for Foreign Missions. Such, Sir, fed and strengthened the mind, under the Divine blessing, and prepared the young for usefulness on earth and happiness through eternity.

Rev. Dorus Clarke, of Waltham, Mass., next responded to the call of the President. His intended remarks, which follow, were somewhat abridged in the delivery for want of time.

Mr. President:—Not long since a young lady was asked, "where is your native place?" and she replied, "I never had any native place; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister." Our fathers and mothers were not so peripatetic as the good Methodist, and their descendants are not so unfortunate as his daughter. We have a native place. We know where it is, and what it is, and we have come here to-day, from our wide dispersion, to do it merited honor. Westhampton! one of the least, in-

deed, of the tribes of our Massachusetts Israel, but one of the most deserving. Seven cities of Greece contended for centuries for the high honor of being the birthplace of Homer, and more than seven of the towns of the Bay State may well desire the credit of having given birth to this large and highly respectable assemblage. There is music in the very name of this good old town.

> "Where e'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
> My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

It was a great mistake that Boston and New York were built so far from Westhampton. Coleridge tells us of a man who had such a high sense of self respect, that whenever he referred to himself he took off his hat; but we would pay more appropriate homage, as we stand, uncovered and reverent, in this presence.

I do not know, sir, that there is any law aginst it, but if there is, my friend, Mr. Judd, the historiographer of the day, who knows all about the law, can tell us; but I do not know that there is any law against resolving ourselves into a sort of Mutual Admiration Society; and, as for the ethics of such a proceeding, the numerous clergymen around me are abundantly competent to settle that question. At any rate, such a society, if savoring a little of vanity, I think it will be admitted, would "lean to virtue's side," quite as much as the Mutual *Detraction* Societies which exist in many of our country villages, where the gossip of unbridled tongues keeps whole communities in ceaseless strife; institutions, which, I believe, are not very popular in this peaceful and harmonious town of our nativity. In Boston and Vicinity, we enjoy the reputation of having several such Admiration Societies,—the conductors of the Atlantic Monthly, it is said, form one of them, among others. As the manners of the metropolis are often imitated in the country, and sustained, as we are, by such high authorities, I will take the liberty to say,—that whenever and wherever I see a Westhampton man, I always feel that he is made of little finer mould than other folks, and especially do I expect to find him a man of larger intelligence, wider comprehension of duty, and a more assured preparation for the Great Hereafter. And why should it not be so, if the "fruit" indicates at all the character of the "tree?" The Providence of God sifted Northampton, and Hockanum, and Southampton, and Dedham, to find seed good enough wherewith to sow these hills and valleys. The early settlers of this town were a godly generation, and if they had one desire which was paramount to all others, it was that *we*, their descendants, would adhere to their religious faith, and far excel them in the fervor of our piety. How many thousand times did they pray, to use their own stereotyped and sacred phraseologies, that their "children and their children's children, down to the

latest generation, may be converted to Christ," and that "their souls with ours may be bound up in the sure bundle of eternal life." Their parlance has been stigmatized as "divinely illiterate;" but it had a heavenly ring, to which, it were well, if the style of their erudite detractors could make some pretension. What children, the world over, have had so christian an ancestry?

The monuments of their consecration to Christ stand here all around us. For where will you find better common schools than on this consecrated spot? Where can you find another community where the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, for more than half a century, formed the common moral *pabulum* of all the people? In my childhood and youth, we had it for breakfast, we had it for dinner, and we had it for supper. It was thoroughly taught in nearly every family, and in all the common schools of the town; and was regularly recited in the old church to Father Hale, from year to year, by all the children between the ages of eight and fifteen. The old church, beaten by the storms of many years, and innocent of paint and bell and steeple, was equally innocent of a thin attendance on the Sabbath both forenoon and afternoon, and would admit within its doors, only with the greatest reluctance, any child of proper age, who did not know the catechism by heart, *verbatim*, *et literatim*, *et punctuatim*. As might be expected under such thorough evangelical tuition, revivals of religion have been of frequent occurrence, and of great purity and power. More than *one third* of the inhabitants, all told, are to-day members of this beloved Congregational Church; *nine tenths* of all the people are stated attendants on public worship; and *thirty-eight* of the young men have obtained a liberal education, most of whom have entered the learned professions, and especially the christian ministry. Several others have gone through regular courses of professional study. This, it is believed, is a *larger percentage* of educated men than has been reared in any other town in this or any other Commonwealth. These thorough educational and religious influences have here wrought out their legitimate results, and the same causes will work out, and they only *can* work out the same results in other communities. These influences have made Westhampton what it is, in comparison with many other towns in the State, which, locally, are more highly favored; and New England what it is, in comparison with the Southern States; and the United States what they are, in distinction from Mexico and Japan.

The dwellers in this beautiful Valley of the Connecticut are under greater obligations to a former resident here, than language has yet found power to express. JONATHAN EDWARDS—*clarum et venerabile nomen;*—JONATHAN EDWARDS,—by common

consent, the ablest theologian and metaphysician our country has produced—left the impress of his thorough orthodoxy and devoted piety upon all this section of the State. That heavenly stamp seems almost ineffaceable. More than a century has rolled away since he left Northampton, yet his influence is still perpetuated here. You see it in the peculiar moral and religious *grain* of this community. I have resided in this town sixteen years, in Williamstown four years, in Andover three years, in Blandford twelve years, in Springfield six years, in Boston six years, and in Waltham sixteen years; and have therefore had some opportunities to form an intelligent judgment of the relative condition, moral and religious, of different parts of the Commonwealth. And I say it "without fear, or favor, or hope of reward;" I say it with no invidious comparisons, for the comparisons are in no sense invidious, but just; I say it simply because historic verity peremptorily requires that it *should* be said, that I have nowhere found, in these communities generally, such profound reverence for the name of JEHOVAH, the Infinite and Personal GOD; such unquestioning faith in the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures; such conscientious observance of the Sabbath; such habitual practice of family prayer; such respect and anxiety for revivals of religion; such serious determination to enter into the kingdom of heaven; and such deep conviction that it never can be reached, except through repentance for sin, and faith in a crucified and Atoning Redeemer, as I have found on this very spot. That the condition of things here is what it should be, is far, very far from being the fact; but that it is, on the whole, better than in almost any other section of the country or of the world, is my honest belief. This superior christian tone of society must have had an adequate cause; and that cause, I apprehend, can be found only in the more thorough indoctrination of the people, from the time of Edwards down to this day, in the great truths of the Bible,—creating public sentiment, permeating domestic life, energizing conscience, converting men to Christ, and impregnating society with a deeper sense of moral obligation. Calvinism has formed the warp and the woof of this community.

But has Westhampton done anything for *the world at large?* Yes. Old Æsculapius would gladly surrender his pill-box and scalpel to his more scientific disciples from this town, and the mantles of Coke and Webster sit gracefully on her sons. She has sent a worthier representative of christianity than Colenso to enlighten the kraals of Southern Africa; and "how beautiful upon the mountains" of Western Asia "are the feet of him" of Westhampton, who is there publishing the Gospel of peace! She has adorned the pulpits of Boston, and presided over the school of the prophets at Andover. She devised the famous

"pledge," which is working out the temperance reformation; and has taught the world that industrial prosperity, no less than the Bible, requires us to keep the Sabbath holy. She has furnished pastors for several of the churches of Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut, and New York; has sent her sons and daughters to form and support new churches in Ohio; has added moral lustre to the gold of California; and is rapidly transforming Wisconsin and Michigan into gardens of the Lord. By her editorial labors, she has moulded the political and religious opinions of the times; and by her engineering skill, she directed the construction of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, and introduced the Cochituate into Boston. She has sat in the Common Council and in the School Committee of that city; has accumulated materials for a history of several towns in Hampshire County; enriched the world by her literary, pathological and theological productions; aspired to the van of the conflict with the hosts of rebellion; taught numerous "young ideas how to shoot;" mapped out the world for the public benefit; one of her manufacturers has done business at the rate of $500,000 a year, and the orders of her merchants are sought for in London.

All this, Mr. President, is not rhetorical embellishment, but a statement of facts. That this small town, which, in its palmiest days, numbered scarcely more than 900 souls, and now counts 300 less, has done all this for the world, is a marvel. No history of it, then, can be complete, which ignores the influence of the school, the catechism, and the church, or which does not make these institutions stand out, in the boldest, strongest relief in the portrait. You may as well attempt to enact the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet all left out, as to account for the strict morality and eminent piety of most of the fathers and mothers who sleep in yonder cemeteries awaiting "the resurrection of the just;" or for the intelligence, energy, practical good sense, piety and success of many of their descendants, in their diversified forms of usefulness in the world, by proposing any other solution of the problem, than *the grace of God*, sanctifying the thorough drilling of the schools, and the undiluted truths of the catechism upon the intellects, the hearts, and the lives of the people.

Lord Macauley, the celebrated English historian, says, that "any people who are indifferent to the great deeds of those who have gone before, are not likely to perform deeds to be remembered by those who follow them." Let us be faithful, then, Mr. Chairman and friends, to the high trust which our plain, but noble and godly ancestry have imposed upon us. Let us be true to their pure and renovating Faith. Let all men do the same, and then, when our descendants, of a distant generation, shall assemble here, to celebrate the *Second Centennial* of the settle-

ment of this town, they will assemble in the sunlight of the MILLENNIUM.

I hold in my hand, Mr. President, two specimens of antiquity, which it may not be inappropriate to exhibit here. One of them is a Deed, in "sere and yellow leaf," of a parcel of land in Southampton, given by Jonathan Clark to his son, Jonathan Clark, Jr., and dated July 1767, "in the seventh year of the raigne of George the Third,"—more than ninety-nine years ago. Curiously enough, this Deed, which was executed by my great grandfather, was witnessed by Rev. Jonathan Judd, the great grandfather of Mr. Judd, one of the orators on the present occasion. Jonathan Clark, Jr., my grandfather, removed to this town in 1774, selected a site for his residence on the hills, one mile west of the centre, with an outlook upon a wealth of natural scenery, which would have enraptured the taste of Shenstone and Ruskin. From that spot, the Connecticut River, Mt. Tom, Mt. Holyoke, Amherst College, Williston Seminary, Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, and several churches and smiling villages now appear, inlaid in variegated mosaics, in the landscape below. Often was my youthful imagination regaled with the beauties of that scene; and well, too, do I remember how, sometimes, the heavens gathered blackness, the thunders crashed, the lightnings gleamed along the mountains, and the earth rocked under the fury of the tempest, as it swept sublimely along down into the vast valley beneath; and how the commingled elements raged, and rolled, and surged over Easthampton and Northampton, and sent back their deafening roar to my ears; while the setting sun lighted up the hills around me with his smiles, painted the rainbow on the departing storm, and every twig, and leaf, and flower glittered with tears of gratitude that the fearful tornado was overpast!

It was *there* that my grandfather felled the wilderness, erected a house, barn and other buildings, and in 1777, at the call of patriotism, he left his young wife and his infant son, Jonathan, my father—the third Jonathan in the series—then two years old, to struggle along in the woods as best they might, while he went to defend his imperilled country at Ticonderoga and Crown Point. He returned from that expedition with broken health, which was never afterwards restored. As his son grew up, he sent him to the school of the celebrated Master Curson, in Hatfield, at that time perhaps the best in Western Massachusetts. Here he remained till he acquired an education, which was quite superior for those days. He had a strong desire for professional life, and was partly fitted for college with his cousin, Tertius Strong, the first graduate from this town; but being an only child, his parents thought it his duty to remain at home, and filial obedience was with him a stronger principle

even than his love of letters. His education qualified him for usefulness in several public stations which he was afterwards called to fill. Sylvester Judd, Esq., Major Aaron Fisher and himself were the delegates of this town to the Convention of Hampshire County,—then comprising the present counties of Hampshire, Franklin, and Hampden,—which met at Northampton in 1813, to inquire if any measures could be devised to terminate the war with Great Britain, which was very unpopular throughout the New England States. The noble resolutions, adopted by the town on that great public exigency, were the production of his pen. and are still extant. Less than forty years of age, he died suddenly, February 23, 1814, of typhoid fever, which spread epidemically through the town, and swept away several of its more eminent men.

Upon his decease, a set of Addison's Spectator, in eight volumes, which was a part of his library, came into my possession. He had imported it from London in his early manhood, and at a time, I venture to say, when there were but few copies of that excellent classic in any of the retired towns in the State. I find upon the fly-leaves his name, written in his beautiful, bold, John Hancock style, and upon the covers of all the volumes numerous memoranda, in the hand writing of my grandfather, of his appreciation of different articles. In the volume now before me, he refers, with marked approbation, to the lyrical and religious beauties of the Ode—

"When all thy mercies, O my God ;"—

and it is something to the credit of the discriminating literary taste of a farmer and soldier of the last century, that his judgment is confirmed by the highest criticism of the present day.

At this point, Mr. Clarke observed at the tables Mr. Asa Parsons, who, more than sixty years ago, was his teacher in the Centre School, and Mrs. Sybella Hale Hall, of Boston, who was many years one of his classmates, and an earnest and very often successful competitor with him for the honor of being at "the head ;" and at his request, the master, now more than eighty years of age, and his two young pupils now approaching seventy, rose in the presence of the audience. Conscious that he is largely indebted for what little he knows of his mother-tongue to those early and friendly competitive efforts, and wishing to stimulate others to make the same, he presented to the town a small donation, and the President read the following Article of Conveyance :

WESTHAMPTON, SEPTEMBER 5, 1866.

The subscriber, a resident of Waltham, Mass., but a native of Westhampton, being present at the *Reunion of the Natives of the town*, held this day, and wishing to leave behind him some testimonial of his interest in the place of his nativity,

and particularly in the Centre School of the town, where he learned the rudiments of his English education—of his debt of gratitude to the same, and of his sense of the high importance of correct reading and spelling as the basis of all thorough literary attainments, herewith presents to the town the sum of *One Hundred and Thirty Dollars*, under the conditions and for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, to wit:

1. The fund shall be called the CLARKE SCHOLARSHIP, and the interest or proceeds of which shall be annually given to the *best reader and speller*, of either sex, in the Senior Class of the Centre School, at the close of the winter term; *Provided*, however, that the prize shall not be awarded twice to the same individual.

2. Mr. Asa Parsons, for several years my respected instructor in that school, and the Selectmen of the town, for the time being, are hereby appointed Trustees of the fund.

3. The Trustees shall invest the same in the capital stock of one of the National Banks in Northampton, and if the amount is insufficient to purchase a share in said Bank Stock, the subscriber will pay the balance.

4. The interest or dividends which may accrue annually from this investment, shall be annually collected by the Trustees and paid over to the School Committee of the town, for the time being, to be by that Committee or the Superintendent of the Schools, given to the *best reader and speller* in the Senior Class of the school, as above specified.

5. The School Committee of the town, or either of them, together with the Superintendent of the Schools for the time being, or such other disinterested gentlemen as they may associate with themselves for the purpose, are respectfully requested to observe from time to time the progress of the pupils in the Senior Class of the Centre School; and at the close of every winter term, to subject that class to such *practical tests* in reading and spelling, as they may deem most appropriate, for the purpose of determining which pupil deserves the prize, shall make the award accordingly, and shall pay over the amount received from the Trustees to the person whom they shall judge to have deserved the same.

6. If for any reason the School Committee, or the persons associated with them, shall not make any award for three successive years of the interest or dividends thus appropriated, the fund shall be *forfeited;* and the Trustees shall convert the fund into cash, and shall pay it over, together with the interest or dividends which shall have accrued on the same, to the Treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for the general purposes of that Institution.

7. The town of Westhampton is hereby respectfully desired, at their next regular town meeting, to accept the donation now given, and to cause this document to be entered at length upon the Records of the town, for the information and guidance of all concerned; but if the Town shall decline to accept it, upon the conditions and for the purpose above specified, the Trustees shall immediately pay over the same to the Treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

DORUS CLARKE.

Rev. Calvin Clark, of Michigan, moved a vote of thanks to the citizens of the town for their kind invitation and generous hospitality. He had been absent thirty years; had grown up in Michigan, and travelled extensively in several of the Northwestern States, and seen a wonderful development. But his affections still linger around the rocks and hills of his birth place and early associations. Nine times he had come on a pilgrimage to the "old homestead," to visit the aged parents, brothers and sisters, and shed tears over their graves, and talk over the past. No spot on earth had so deep a hold on his sympathies. Here he first consecrated himself to Jesus Christ, and the advancement of His glorious cause in the world. And while memory does its duty, the past and the present will never be obliterated from his mind.

The motion was seconded, and unanimously adopted.

Dr. Anson Hooker, of East Cambridge, responded to a reference to his father, Dr. William Hooker, as follows:

I thank the assembly most cordially for your kind remembrance of one who for so many years labored for your welfare. My father was for many years your sole medical adviser, and he stood unaided and alone through many serious trials of his skill and fidelity in behalf of the sick and afflicted in the town. How well he labored, your kind and hearty remembrance of him this day speaks in the highest terms of the hold he had upon your confidence and kind regards. Many here present will remember his manly, graceful figure, his affectionate recognition and kind greeting, as he went in and out among you. The presence of his cheerful countenance in the chamber of the sick, was almost as good a balm as the medicines he dispensed. His patients felt that in him they had a sympathising friend.

As a physician, he was kind, affectionate and attentive, as many here can testify. He was a close and accurate observer of diseases, and kept pace with the improvements in his profession. He was an honor to his profession, a benefactor to the afflicted, and an ornament to the Christian church, walking closely in the footsteps of Him "who went about doing good," and "was meek and lowly of heart." He excelled many in what may be called the moral department of his profession. Above the petty tricks and management, which are alike unfair to the profession and delusive to the patients, he was honorable, high minded, pure hearted. He took a deep interest in the town and church, and was ever ready by his influence and liberality, to help forward any plan for their benefit and improvement. In this way he did much to elevate the character of the town, and to give it the reputation it has ever sustained for its high toned morality and pure religion. His religious convictions were fervent and strong, rendering his declining years peaceful, hopeful and happy to the last.

Dr. William Hooker was born at Northampton, in November, 1766; the son of Rev. John Hooker. He studied medicine with Dr. Ebenezer Hunt, of Northampton. In 1788 he commenced the practice of medicine in Westhampton, and continued in the pursuit of his profession until the close of 1834. After that year he relinquished practice, except to attend upon family connections, and in consultations. He died at Westhampton, February 27, 1861, in his ninety-fourth year, retaining his mental faculties, and all his senses in a remarkable degree, till near the close of his long and useful life. He died of acute disease, rather than of old age.

Rev. Luther Clapp, of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, on invitation, addressed the assembly as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I rise in response to your call, but it is too late in the day for me to address you, after all the interesting speeches you have heard. It gives me unbounded pleasure to be here.

I noticed, on going into the church, one of my teachers of forty years ago, whom I never shall forget. Her name is Hannah Burt, and I went to school to her one or two terms, in the Bridgman district. I hold in sacred remembrance all my old school teachers. Miss Burt introduced in school an innovation on the old Puritan custom of *standing in prayer*. She had worship faithfully, morning and evening, and she required all her scholars to *kneel*. Those seasons of worship—the kneeling and praying—produced a lasting impression on my mind. Almost all, if not all, of those scholars united with the church in early life; some became deacons, and some ministers. Five of the families represented in that school sent forth ministers; one family two; and one a foreign missionary.

There certainly was never a better place than Westhampton to bring up children. Those of my own age in town, with hardly an exception, became excellent christian men and women.

To-day we call to remembrance with delight and gratitude our pastors and teachers, our parents and grandparents. It seemed to me in my boyhood, that the town itself was as old as these everlasting hills; and it produces now a strange feeling to reflect that the first pastor, the pastor of my grandparents before my parents were born, was for many years my pastor!

We shall go from this delightful Reunion to our homes in the east and in the west with renewed courage and zeal, to honor and maintain the principles and practices of our forefathers.

Rev. Enos J. Montague, of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, was introduced, and he submitted the following remarks:

Mr. President:—This is an unusual occasion, an unusual gathering. It is customary for towns to hold centennial celebrations; but this not such a celebration; for though it is about one hundred years since the first settlements in this town were made, yet it was not to celebrate that event that we came together to-day. This is a *Reunion*. This town, having sent out into different parts of the land many of her families, and many of her sons and daughters, and still holding them in high esteem and love, has sent them an invitation to come back and see her and each other. This is something of very unusual occurrence. It is a compliment paid by the present inhabitants of the town, to those of us who have gone to other places to form for ourselves new homes. Every town would not wish to see all her children come back again; no town would, unless those children had acted worthily in their new spheres in life. The invitation,

therefore, which has brought us here to-day from far distant homes, is a silent but most expressive testimony to the regard in which we are held by our native town.

But more than this. Having been permitted to be here for the past few weeks, I have seen something of the care, labor and expense connected with the preparation for this large gathering. It was no small matter to provide for so great a company. But the people have done it, and done it well. Cheerfully, liberally and abundantly have they provided for us, as indeed we all see about us and before us to day.

It seems to me, therefore, that something more than the mere vote of thanks which we have formally passed, is due to the residents of this town, whose guests we are. That vote should be emphasized. We who are the special recipients of this consideration should give to these fathers and mothers, these brothers and sisters, special thanks and some more marked expression of our gratitude to them for this memorable occasion.

As to the continued existence of this town with an American population, let us not have any fears or doubts upon that point. Yankee blood is not going to run out here. The Yankee population is not to be exterminated here. One cannot go into this church on the Sabbath and see the large number of young people in the congregation, without the conviction that this a thriving town so far as population is concerned. There are, surely, rocks and hills here, and a hard and scanty soil; in some respects it is a hard place to live in. But we must not think that, for such reasons, these homesteads are to be vacated and given over to a foreign race.

May heaven's best blessings ever rest on the good old town of Westhampton, and especially on those who "abide by the stuff."

Rev. Mr. Bisbee, of Worthington, Massachusetts, said:

Mr. President:—I am happy to be present to-day, and to participate in the festivities of this joyful occasion, although not a native of this place. It was not my blessed privilege to be born and nurtured in this goodly town. And yet if the theory of a distinguished writer concerning the pre-existent state is correct, I do not know but I might just as well have been born here as any where else, if I had desired it. But as it is, my better half was born here, and hence perhaps I may be regarded as a seminative. Some one has remarked that this is a good place to go *from*, but you will readily understand that I have found it an excellent place to *come to*. It was my privilege to be well acquainted with those venerable men, who have already been alluded to as the fathers of the town. Hale, and Hooker, and Judd, and others too numerous to mention, of like spirit and charac-

ter, even now seem to rise up before me. I cheerfully endorse all that has been said here to-day, in praise of their worth, their character, and their salutary moral and religious influence. They were men of the true New England stamp. By their wisdom, piety and patriotism the foundation of this town was laid deep and broad, on which its noble superstructure has been reared. It has been said that New England is "the brains of this nation." To leave this out in the cold, therefore, as has been proposed, would be to separate the head—the thinking, acting power,—from the body. New England principles, piety and patriotism are the life, soul and salt of the nation. Let these become universal throughout our widely extended country, and there will be no more causeless rebellions against the best government in the world, but liberty, justice, equality and fraternity will prevail throughout our nation.

The Rev. A. M. Colton, of Easthampton, being called for, responded as follows:

Mr. President:—Unfortunate myself in not having been born in Westhampton—(the President, "I am sorry for you,") so am I; but I cannot help it; but being called for, I will respond in a brief word. I have been listening with intense interest to what has been said about the *ministers* of this good old town. In my early childhood, I knew one of them, then a young man, teaching a district school, and in the evenings a singing school, in the village of my native town in northern Vermont. To that singing school went my father and his big bass-viol and small boy. Some little time afterwards, boy has a three months' contest with Polly Dee in *spelling*—the medal a ninepence, perforated, and pendant with a tow string. Boy beats and comes off conqueror, and grand! and he never got any higher. Present at *that* examination the singing-master aforesaid, and his *intended.* Boy never saw him afterwards, but remembered him well; heard of his being settled as a minister in West Rutland, Vermont, and subsequently in Westhampton. When in June, 1840, I came to settle in this region, I resolved to take the earliest opportunity to go and see the good minister, Rev. Amos Drury, name dear to me by those early and sacred associations. But delay snatched from me the long wished-for privilege. August came, and Mr. Drury went up higher. I have ever since regretted my failure to see him, for I had laid the thing much to heart. But *there*, on that seat yonder, sits his son and representative, chairman of your committee, and right glad am I to meet *him*.

Much has been said, and not too much, respecting good Father Hale—his work and power in forming this people to knowledge and thrift, to goodness and virtue. I can well believe

every word of it. We, neighboring ministers, happen to have learned long ago, that this people know a something and more. How could they help it? An intelligent people, given to reading good books—not the yellow-covered trash—scum and froth—"frogs" that "came up and covered the land of Egypt"—not these, but books that *are* books, substantial, solid, wholesome, good for food—to make bones of, and good blood, and muscle, and mind. And whence this learning? The *fountains* were pure and sweet. Those formative influences at the start; that early good nurture and culture—Parson Hale—his sermons weighty in thought—the training in the catechism—his labors in the schools; his visits in the families; the good minister in every good thing. So the testimonies to-day, by eye-witnesses, and by tradition. "The glory of children are their fathers." The good effects are visible now among this people, in the intelligence for which they are known and noted. You dwell apart, and this very isolation helps you. You see and hear less of whirl and din; it is leisure for the more reading and thinking. One of your speakers to-day said that "Long Division," the Westhampton of the olden time, was once looked down upon by the river-siders as a rather inferior sort, not quite up to first-best in mind and knowledge. Did they? But who says that *now*, or thinks it in his heart?

You have had a long succession of excellent ministers. Some of them I have known, and known only to love and revere. About one of these let me add a word—my noble good brother, Rev. Capt. Bissell. I well remember visiting him in 1862, that darkest time in our late war. You should have heard him talk then! Gentle and christian, but patriotic and full of fight. It was a fire in his bones; no dissuasions could stop or hinder him. Two of his brothers were already in the field, and he *must* join them. So off he posted, stopping at my house on his way to his native home, to gain, if possible, his father's consent. By earnest pleading he prevailed. He came back, lighter of heart—told his people of his purpose—enlisted as a private—took with him the choicest of his flock—and went forth, not knowing whither. Company K and *Capt.* Bissell. He would have preferred a *Chaplaincy*, but was willing to serve in any capacity. But the men early markrd him for their *Captain*, and to that decision he cheerfully submitted. And no braver man was in that regiment, or any regiment. Most worthily, as by all accounts, did he carry himself through that whole year of trials and perils. And what of those other Westhampton boys in blue? Their praise was and is in the whole region round about. Hale and hearty, resolute, untiring, never flinching—and withal intelligent and christian—*their* tent prayer meeting was known and spoken of as *the* model one of the regiment. I say this

from abundant testimonies. May God bless the Westhampton boys for their noble part in the great struggle!

Friends, I heartily rejoice with you all in the auspices of this joyful Reunion. As I said here the other day, so now again, All hail, Westhampton! the Hebron, the Bethlehem, nestling in the hill sides, not least among the thousands of Judah. Abundant blessings on her children within her, on them that are far off and them that are near; on her sons and daughters, her young men and maidens, her old men and children.

Rev. W. S. Coggin, of Boxford, brother of one of the former pastors of the church, being requested by the chair to offer some remarks, rose and said:

I feel, Mr. President, as if it were hardly proper for me to occupy any time on this occasion, inasmuch as there are so many present, natives of this town, who have a better claim on your attention; but as I have been so kindly invited, I will say a few words.

I think, sir, that Westhampton may well be somewhat boastful. I think she has reason to be proud of her children. Where will you find a town, of no larger population, that has sent forth so much talent, learning and moral worth to bless the world? What other town has furnished a better representation of the several professions, especially the ministerial? We are told, in the Book of Inspiration, that "the glory of children is their fathers." Is not the reverse of this also true? Is not the glory of fathers their children? Does not an intelligent and virtuous posterity reflect honor upon their ancestry? I must confess, sir, that what I have seen and heard to-day has made me almost wish that I had been born in Westhampton. And yet this wish has not been wholly created by the scenes of this day. It has long existed, and has been fostered by an acquaintance of more than twenty years. The kind attentions I have ever received, as from time to time I have visited this place, have much attached me to the people; and this attachment has been especially increased, as I have noticed the love they had for my departed brother, a love that was manifested in so many forms, and continued unwavering and unimpaired till the hour of his death; yea, a love that even now is not quenched. O, how much better it is to weep over his death, than over his life! As the earthly existence of even some ministers has closed in darkness, it certainly is a matter of rejoicing to me, as I doubt not it is to his people, that the sun of his life never shone brighter than at its going down. Although so many years have passed away, since it sank below the horizon, are not its beams still thrown back? "Being dead, does he not yet speak?" Surely the moral influence that men exert, never dies.

There are not a few whom you would have been glad to have had with you to day; but they were so far away, and so high above you, that no letters of invitation could reach them. They have gone to a higher and better sphere. And yet, are they not present with you in spirit? May they not be cognizant of what is here transpiring? Can you not seem to see them bending down from their high abode as interested spectators? Can you not seem to hear them speaking to you, congratulating you upon this happy occasion, and bidding you, as you separate and go to your respective homes, so to live, and so to discharge your duties, personal and relative, that, when you shall be sleeping in the dust, and your posterity shall meet here on a similar occasion, a hundred years hence, they may point to your virtues and hold up your example as worthy of their imitation?

The President then read the following letters, apologizing for unavoidable absence from the Reunion:

NORWICH, MASS., September 5, 1866.

To R. W. Clapp, one of the Westhampton Reunion Committee:

MY DEAR NEPHEW.—My health has been quite feeble of late, but I did not entirely relinquish the hope of being at the meeting in my native town, until this morning. Be assured that my heart will be there; and it will be my earnest prayer that those who may assemble, and those who may be prevented, may be abundantly blessed, and that we may have a happy Reunion in the world of glory.

Yours, very affectionately,

EBENEZER BURT WRIGHT.

SALEM, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

Messrs. Rice and others, Committee, &c.:

GENTLEMEN.—Your circular inviting me to meet the citizens and sons of Westhampton ought to have received an earlier answer. But I have used the privilege of an invalid and have waited week after week, hoping to say I should be with you in person, and not in spirit only. As it is, I must be content to give you my word as the testimony and assurance of all that I feel and venerate in the home of my childhood and youth. It is a goodly company that rises up before me at this call of my native town, some among the living but more among the dead. I recall many whom you will meet next Wednesday, and many whom you will miss. Memory so faithful to her trust, will not let die those who have once been dear to us through the ties of friendship and kindred. I could never forget Westhampton, for besides the sacred relations that still bind me to it by living sympathies, there is sacred dust in your churchyard which hallows the very earth to mind and heart.

Could I be present at your Reunion, I should meet only a few of my early companions, the larger part having passed beyond the reach of any earthly summons. But it is a joy to remember them and to recall their names and their virtues. Foremost among them is *one* who was a few years my senior, but in later life through the affinities of the same profession and the same religious faith, came very near to me, and whose memory is now among the cherished treasures of my life. Sylvester Judd holds a place in both the literature and church of New England which has given him a representative character in the history of his time. "Margaret," the work by which he is most widely known, and which pictures so much of the natural scenery of Westhampton, has been fitly called the "first Yankee novel." Through and through it is an American book, genuine product of American thought. Darley, with the instinct of true genius, saw how much it contained suited to the purposes of illustrative art, and has given us a companion volume of high and rare artistic merit. These two books are worthy of a place in every Westhampton home. I first read "Margaret" when living in one of our southern states in the city of Savannah, and felt that the author, then unknown to me, had seen what I had been familiar with through all my youth. I knew that the scenery and scenes represented so vividly and distinctly by him were the peculiar ravines and

hills and hamlets of my native town. Mr. Judd told me afterwards, when gathering his materials for that book, he went carefully over the western part of Westhampton to freshen and revive the impressions of his boyhood. While paying this slight tribute to his memory, I ought to add that he was as eminent for an earnest and sincere piety as he was for creative and literary ability. His romances had in them the religious fervor and christian purpose of his sermons. He died at the time of his greatest promise, with unused powers waiting for opportunities to call them into action. I cannot regard him as altogether departed, but I recall him today among my Westhampton associations, as one of the strong spiritual forces not only of the past but of the present.

Another of my companions, and one whom I like to recall, was Jonathan S. Judd, a man of most refined feeling, clear intellectual perceptions, very graceful in both his thought and writing. I saw him but rarely in the later years of his life, but I have heard from his friends that he matured wonderfully in all these original qualities of his nature, and became of a most enthusiastic spirit, clear in his visions of the future, very genial and catholic in all his religious sympathies.

There are others whose names it is a pleasure to mention—Asahel Lyman, Luke Phelps, Hall Judd, and Daniel Clark. These have all entered into their rest. Two only of my more intimate friends are still living, Philetus Hale and Sylvanus Clapp. The latter was my earliest playmate; he has been my lifelong friend, and is now one of the leading physicians of Rhode Island, a man as faithful in his friendships as he has been successful in his profession.

Among these pleasant memories of my youth, I cannot pass over without a word of gratitude the church and the preaching of that time, and which have given direction to all my later life. Some of you who have remained by the old hearthstones, may think I have wandered from the faith that first so impressed me, but certainly I have not lost the spirit that breathed and burned in the prayers and sermons of Horace B. Chapin. In my own ministry, I have never forgotten my earliest spiritual home, or the holy influence that I have ever drawn from it—the church of Westhampton.

These early recollections would be very imperfect, if I did not refer to the original characters and quaint old men who always said sharp things, whenever they said any thing. It seems now that I heard more wit and humor in my boyhood than I have ever heard since. But I can not indulge in particulars without prolonging my letter which I fear will weary you as it is. Still I cannot help wishing that some Sylvester Judd would write the biography of "Uncle Bill" and some other queer old souls whom I so well remember.

Let me conclude these recollections with a tribute to those sons of Westhampton who were my friends and companions—the wild boys who matured into sober and useful men. Yours truly,

DEXTER CLAPP.

Dr. Sylvanus Clapp, of Pawtucket, R. I., sent the following letter, after the Reunion:

PAWTUCKET, September 18, 1866.

To Matthias Rice and others, Committee of the Reunion:

It would have been pleasant for me to have withdrawn from the active scenes and duties which surround me, to have been present at the Reunion. I expected to have done so until the day before, when I found it impossible for me to do so, on account of the dangerous illness of two of my patients, and of course unable to send a letter in season for the occasion.

I had looked forward to the day with great satisfaction when I should visit my child-home, and look upon faces, once my companions in life, after years of separation. And this was rendered doubly so when I thought of the many *gem* homes that there existed in good old Westhampton. I need only to mention the names of Hale, Hooker, Edwards, Hall, Kingsley, Clark, Judd, Lyman, Parsons, Phelps, Norton, Burt, Clapp, Bridgman, Montague and Rust, to remind you that here lived some of the choicest spirits of the land. Good nature and kindness always existed among them.

We joined together in the jocund laugh, and passed through the bright days of boyhood together. Enduring friendships were formed and kind feelings originated that will only forsake me when remembrance itself shall cease.

The sailor loves his ship; to her none is superior. The soldier loves his regiment; and his is the best. And who, to the last day of his life, does not uphold the fireside round which he played when a child, and all its associations?

These are attachments that grow upon us, that are founded in human nature. Can we wonder that there is within us a love for the town in which we were born and brought up; a pride for it which will not brook to hear anything disrespectful said of it? And when I remember the many choice spirits that have gone out from it, of the noblest and purest blood of the land, well may I feel proud of my native town. I should like to rest there the remainder of my life. Did I say *rest?* Nowhere is rest to be found. It would rather be a delay than rest. We are all in the great cycle of change. Continually changing! We are breathing off nearly one pound of charcoal daily. Our career would soon be terminated were not the waste supplied by daily food;—daily loss, daily gain. Nothing remains permanent but memory and the consciousness of our identity; and this is retained in a body which is wholly changed every few years. My memory delights to think of the scenes enacted in my native town, and I should like to linger awhile and wander over its hills and valleys. It also teaches me this important lesson—the necessity of careful and rigid habits of thought; that a fact, unperceived or viewed improperly, is a link lost in the chain of truth.

It was a great disappointment for me not to have been with you on that joyous day. This disappointment reminds me that there is not always a morning brightness on the skies, and that night succeeds to-day; that each strain of music has its final note; that summer flowers and winter snows have an end. Yet notwithstanding these vicissitudes, friendship survives them all, and lives on amidst mutations. It survives these earthly changes, and binds men together in trial as well as prosperity. It becomes hallowed by distance, and waxes stronger and stronger by the lapse of time. Such, gentlemen, I trust, is my friendship for you all.

Truly yours,

S. CLAPP.

Mr. E. C. Bridgman, of New York, said:

Mr. President:—A minute or two, if you please, before we break up. It is not my purpose to make a speech. Some years since, a letter came to me from a gentleman of this town, soliciting my interest and aid in procuring a town library. In my reply, information was asked concerning the old library. He could give none; nor could he find any one who knew what became of it. Well do I recollect the pleasure experienced in the perusal of books drawn, now more than thirty years ago, from the old library of the town, and from that of Southampton, while a member of "Sheldon Academy."

This is no ordinary entertainment to which the absent natives of Westhampton are invited. Nothing to be compared with it can we expect to enjoy again this side of the River. To show our appreciation of and gratitude for what has been done for us, I suggest that we take action in the formation of a town library. Some of us have money; some have books—good books that we do not need; and all, I feel sure, are disposed to do something. To set the "ball in motion," I offer, for this object, one hundred dollars.

The President proposed that the pastor's library should come in for its share of attention; and the whole subject of the libraries was referred to a committee, consisting of Messrs. E. C. Bridgman, Otis Clapp, S. F. Phelps, Dr. Hooker, E. M. Kingsley, and Rev. Mr. Allender.

On motion it was resolved, that the proceedings of this occa-

sion be published in a pamphlet form; and Rev. Dorus Clarke, Rev. George Lyman and Prof. Montague were appointed a Committee to carry that vote into effect.

Mr. G. B. Drury, on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, returned the thanks of the Committee to the citizens of the town, who had so liberally responded to their call, in making such ample arrangements for the entertainment of the large number of guests.

By request of the President, Rev. Dorus Clarke pronounced the apostolic benediction; and after many parting salutations, the large assembly broke up, and slowly retired from a scene they will long remember as one of the most interesting in their history.

A gentleman from abroad who is not a native, after listening to all the exercises of the day, went home, making the exclamation: "Well, it's of no use to be born at all, unless you were born in Westhampton!"

PASTORS OF THE WESTHAMPTON CHURCH.

Rev. Enoch Hale was ordained September 29, 1779, and continued the pastor of the church (or senior pastor,) till his death, January 14, 1837, at the age of 83, making a period of fifty-seven years, three months and fifteen days. Rev. Joseph Huntington, D. D., of Coventry, Connecticut, preached Mr. Hale's ordination sermon from 1 Cor. 2 : 7. Rev. Jonathan Judd, of Southampton, gave the Charge, and Rev. Solomon Williams, of Northampton, the Right Hand of Fellowship. Rev. Payson Williston preached his funeral sermon. Text, Heb. 13 : 7.

Rev. Horace B. Chapin was installed colleague pastor, July 8, 1829, President Humphrey, of Amherst College, preaching the sermon. Mr. Chapin was dismissed at his own request, May 1, 1837.

Rev. Amos Drury was installed June 28, 1837. Rev. Mr. Goodwin preached the sermon. Mr. Drury died at Pittsford, Vermont, while on a visit to his friends, July 22, 1841, aged 49.

Rev. David Coggin was ordained May 11, 1842. Rev. Jacob Coggin, of Tewksbury, his father, preached the sermon. Mr. Coggin died April 28, 1852, aged 37.

Rev. Andrew Bigelow was installed March 2, 1854. Sermon by Rev. J. P. Cleaveland, D. D. Mr. Bigelow was dismissed April 18, 1855.

Rev. Roswell Foster was installed November 20, 1856. Sermon by Rev. Eden B. Foster, D. D. Mr. Foster was dismissed December 28, 1858.

Rev. Edward C. Bissell was ordained September 22, 1859. President Stearns, of Amherst College, preached the sermon. Mr. Bissell was dismissed May 10, 1864.

Rev. Thomas Allender, the present pastor, was installed June 21, 1866. Sermon by Prof. Julius H. Seelye, of Amherst College.

The first meeting house was built about 1785, in the old style. A new meeting house was built in 1816. In February, 1829, that house was burnt. The present house of worship was built the next year.

In 1828 a new Society was formed. September 30th, 1829, another church was organized by Rev. John Truair, called the Union Church, forty-one members of which seceded from the old church. Mr. Truair acted as pastor of this new church about eight years. August 5, 1829, the Hampshire Central Association withdrew their fellowship from Mr. Truair, and October 12, 1831, the Presbytery of New York, of which he was a member, deposed him from the ministry. Gradually, several members of the Union Church went back to their first love. The Union Church was formally disbanded August 17, 1850, and, subsequently, all the remaining resident members returned, were received into the old Church, and great harmony has since prevailed.

NATIVES OF WESTHAMPTON WHO HAVE GRADUATED AT COLLEGE.

ABBREVIATIONS.—A. C., Amherst College; H. U., Harvard University; T. C., Trinity College; W. C., Williams College; Y. C., Yale College; C. C., Columbia College; U. C., Union College.

NAMES.	Time and Place of Graduation.	Residence.	Profession.	Date of Death.
Tertius Strong,	1799, W. C.	Westhampton.	Lawyer.	1802, æt. 24.
Samuel Fisher, D. D,	1799, W. C.	Morristown, N. J.	Clergyman.	1857, æt. 80.
Levi Parsons,	1801, W. C.	Marcellus, N. Y.	Clergyman.	1864, æt. 85.
Nathan Hale, LL. D.	1804, W. C.	Boston.	Editor.	Feby. 9, 1863, æt. 78.
William Fisher,	1805, W. C.	Allensville, Ind.	Clergyman.	Apr. 19, 1840, æt. 64.
Justus Kingsley,	1809, W. C.	Westhampton.		1809, æt. 28.
Justin Edwards, D. D.	1810, W. C.	Andover.	Clergyman, and Pres. And. Theo. Sem.	July 23, 1853, at Bath Alum Spa., Va. æt. 66.
Hophni Judd,	1812, W. C.	Northampton.	Lawyer.	Mar. 15, 1818, æt. 24.
Ebenezer B. Wright,	1814, W. C.	Huntington.	Clergyman.	
Calvin Montague,	1814, W. C.	Westhampton.	Physician.	
Epaphras Clark.	1815, W. C.	Enfield.	Lawyer,	1861, æt. 70.
Dorus Clarke,	1817, W. C.	Waltham.	Clergyman and Editor.	
Anson Hooker,	1819, W. C.	East Cambridge.	Physician.	
Edward Hooker,	1820, W. C.	Cleveland, Ohio.	Lawyer.	1846, æt. 40.
Joel Burt,	1821, U. C.	Benton, Ala.	Physician.	1859, æt. 63.
Tertius S. Clarke, D. D.,	1824, Y. C.	Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.	Clergyman.	
George Burt,	1825, A. C,	Benton, Ala.	Merchant.	1834, æt. 31.
Levi F. Claflin,	1826, W. C.	Perrysburgh, Ohio.	Paper Manufacturer.	
Orange Clark, D. D.,	1828, C. C.	San Francisco, Cal.	Clergyman.	
Jacob L. Clark, D. D.,	1831, T. C.	Waterbury, Conn.	Clergyman.	
Calvin Clark,	1832, W. C.	Marshall, Mich.	Clergyman.	
Sylvester Judd, 3d,	1836, Y. C.	Augusta, Me.	Clergyman.	Jany. 26, 1853, æt. 39.
George Lyman,	1837, A. C.	Sutton.	Clergyman.	
Zenas M. Phelps,	1839, W. C.	Riverdale, N. Y.	Teacher.	
Jonathan S. Judd,	1839, W. C.	Middlebury, Conn.	Clergyman.	May. 11, 1864, æt. 48.
Dexter Clapp,	1839, A. C.	Salem.	Clergyman.	
Chauncey P. Judd,	1840, Y. C.	Reading.	Lawyer, Boston.	

Melzar Montague,	1841, W. C.	Ripon, Wis.	{ Clergyman, and Prof. Ripon College.	
Enos J. Montague,	1841, W. C.	Oconomowoc, Wis.	Clergyman.	
Luther Clapp,	1841, W. C.	Wauwatosa, Wis.	Clergyman.	
Samuel W. Fisher,	1841, W. C.	Huntington.	Paper Manufacturer.	
James Brewer,	1842, W. C.	Allen's Grove, Wis.	Clergyman.	
Anson Clark,	1845, W. C.	Hartford, Wis.	Clergyman.	
Charles H. Norton,	1847, W. C.	North Becket.	Clergyman.	Jan. 6, 1857, æt. 34.
Justin W. Parsons,	1849, W. C.	Turkey, in Asia.	Missionary.	
Chester Bridgman,	1856, A. C.	Ludlow.	Clergyman.	
Henry M. Bridgman,	1857, A. C.	Ifumi, South Africa.	Missionary.	
Francis Burt,	1857, A. C.	Taymouth, Mich.	Teacher.	Sept. 9, 1863, æt. 36.

NOTE.—There is some discrepancy of opinion as to whether Samuel Fisher and William Fisher were natives of Westhampton. The tradition in the Fisher family is that they were not, and this opinion is grounded on a paper left them by Major Aaron Fisher. But that paper appears to trace his own pedigree merely, and it is silent upon the question here under consideration. On the other hand it is clear, that their father, Jonathan Fisher, 2d, moved into what is now the town of Westhampton in 1772; that his name is on the tax list, and that he paid poll and other taxes there from 1772 till 1777, and died in the American army, at Morristown, New Jersey, March 10, 1777, after being absent from his family only five or six months. Besides, the Triennial Catalogue of Williams College where they graduated, and which is of the highest authority, states, that Samuel Fisher died in 1857, aged 80, and that William Fisher died in 1840, aged 64. These dates throw the birth of both of them back within the latter part of the time that their father's domicile was in Westhampton. This would seem to be conclusive proof that they were born there; and inasmuch as documentary evidence is much more reliable than parol, the Committee have placed their names in the above list. Evidence, too, has been discovered which is considered highly probable, that, upon the death of their father and while yet in their infancy, they were removed to the care of their uncle, Dr. Samuel Ware, of Conway, and hence they ceased to be known as natives of Westhampton.

PROFESSIONAL MEN FROM WESTHAMPTON, NOT GRADUATES.

Dr. Enoch Hale. He received his medical degree at Cambridge, in 1813, and was an eminent practitioner in Gardiner, Maine, and afterwards in Boston, where he died in 1846. He was the author of several important medical works.

Dr. Sylvanus Clapp, Pawtucket, Rhode Island. He was educated at the medical schools in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Hanover, New Hampshire, is a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, a Permanent Member of the American Medical Association, and has been President of the Rhode Island Medical Society. He has made several contributions to the cause of science in his profession, the principal of which is a treatise on *Diabetes Mellitus*.

Dr. Oliver Dwight Norton, Cincinnati, Ohio. He has been, for several years, in successful practice in that city.

The younger men in that profession are Drs. Watson Loud, Philo Clark, Henry Cook and Mendal Jewett.

Christopher Clapp, Henry Loud, Joseph Stearns and Anson Stearns entered the ministry of different denominations, without a regular theological education.

John A. Judd, Edwin Cook, Zenas Kingsley, Alvin Clark, and perhaps others, spent some time in college, but did not complete the usual curriculum, nor enter the learned professions.

REUNION ODE.

This original Hymn was sung by the choir on the occasion.

From the far-off golden WEST,
Where the setting sunbeams rest,
Where majestic rivers sweep
To the ocean's broader deep.—
Ye are here with us to meet,
And in social union greet.

From the SOUTH, with milder clime,
Honored in the olden time,
From yon torn and crimson field,
Where rich harvests Peace shall yield,—
Ye are welcome, as ye come,
Soldiers, to your native home.

From the EAST, with culture crowned,
From that grand old battle-ground,
Where our fathers, side by side,
Fought to stay oppression's tide,—
Glad our hearts these sons to see,
Bulwarks strong of Liberty.

From the NORTH, with granite hemmed,
From those hills with beauty gemmed,
From those valleys sleeping low,
Where the babbling brooklets flow,—
Welcome to these native hills,
Welcome to these rippling rills.

Welcome all this gathered throng,
Welcome now in cheerful song;—
Welcome be this festive day,
When glad offerings here we lay
On the Altar that we love,—
Cherished once by those ABOVE.

F 844 965 4 T.